

occurred to everybody, but it is nevertheless undoubtedly true, that if there were not a special arrangement in the eye to prevent this intensification, each part of the retina would in turn be burnt up and rendered useless, and the life of the eye would be very short indeed in consequence. Now there is no such arrangement as this in the case of the photographic plate, as many amateur photographers have found to their cost in their over-exposed pictures: hence the longer a plate is exposed the more intense is the picture. Expose such a plate at the focus of a telescope turned to the stars; by a short exposure we may so manage matters that only one bright star will impress its image; by a longer exposure we may get a permanent record of every star visible to the eye with the telescope employed. But suppose we give a still longer exposure, what will happen? *We shall begin to grasp the unseen*, and by each increased length of exposure more and more of the unseen will become visible on the plate. Already we glimpse the possibility that, at some future time, larger telescopes than those now in use, and exposures much longer than those at present attempted (with perfect adjustments, exposures of the same plate may be made on as many successive nights as we please), may reveal to us that the heavens are bounded in every direction by an impenetrable wall of stars!

We have already begun to reap the first fruits of the extension of our observational possibilities in this field. Mr. Common, the brothers Henry of Paris, and Mr. Roberts of Liverpool, have all used long exposures—the latter especially, by exposing plates during four hours, has obtained pictures of some of the best-known objects in the heavens, which show how little our eyes have enabled us to learn about them, and how much a touch of the unseen adds to our knowledge. The nebula in Andromeda has for the last half-century been a puzzle to the learned, chiefly from the fact that stretching along the vague glimmer of its light are two nearly parallel streaks of darkness which makes itself felt because it is unique in the heavens. Mr. Roberts' photograph tells us that these are only the most marked of many intervals which form an exquisitely symmetrical spiral tracery which surrounds the central portion, and will doubtless before long enable us to unravel the secret hidden in this majestic object. Another case in point which may be mentioned is furnished by the nebula in Orion. We learn from Mr. Roberts' photograph (four hours' exposure) that the object which we see even in a powerful telescope bears about the same relation to the object which is revealed by that exposure as the Midlands do to the broad realm of England, and again is forced upon us the thought that after all our present idea of the visible universe is vastly akin to one a visitor to Richmond Hill might form of the Thames

Valley who observes the sparse tops of the highest trees piercing here and there the upper surface of a thick mist. Fortunately in the case of the universe the mist is no longer an impenetrable physical one; it is simply the mist of our present ignorance, which the use of the new methods we are considering may soon cause to lift until

—the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine."

So far, I have referred to the increase in our power of seeing and permanently recording the aspect of bodies in space, whether seen by the human eye or not, but here we are only on the threshold of modern astronomy. The same light which reveals the existence of a star or nebula to the retina or the photographic plate, and tells us how each waxes or wanes, is fully capable of telling us much more of the history of the body from which it comes, if it be questioned in a manner now perfectly familiar to everybody. There is perhaps no chapter in the history of the science of the nineteenth century more discreditable than that which records how the splendid work of Fraunhofer, at the beginning of the period, on the spectra of stars—by which, as we now know, their chemical and physical condition can be investigated—lay dormant, so far as work on a large scale is concerned, till some two years ago. This reproach, however, at last is taken away by the next notable advance I have to refer to, which we owe to an American lady, Mrs. Draper, widow of the eminent astronomer, to whose memory she is now erecting a more noble and enduring memorial than either the love or wit of either man or woman has hitherto devised. The "Draper Memorial" is to consist of a complete inquiry into and registration of the chemical and physical nature of every member of the host of heaven which possesses light enough to imprint a spectrum on a photographic film. This will form a veritable celestial Domesday Book for all who come after, and the scale on which the work is being done is commensurate with the idea. The nature of everything that shines, whether in the northern or the southern heavens, is being investigated; already tens of thousands of photographic spectra have been obtained; and unlimited funds are being employed to enable every night and day to be utilised in the necessary observations and reductions. When this work is complete a "Natural History of the Heavens" will be possible, and the first instalment of the observations, which is expected shortly, may prove to demonstration that many of the generally received notions as to star structure require profound modifications. In this research, as in the former one, we find ourselves again almost in the region of romance. The photograph of the star's spectrum is naturally taken at night; an enlargement is made by daylight. The actual work, therefore, is done by the sun, but is locally controlled by the original negative. Professor Pickering, Mrs. Draper's coadjutor in these

observations, compares this action to that of a telegraphic relay, and points out that the enlargements represent many hundred times the original energy received from the stars.

But although the sun is thus made to come to the rescue of its most distant congeners, most powerful instruments have to be employed in obtaining the original negative of the star's spectrum. The most interesting among these, as showing how the spectroscopy of the future will be carried on, is a refracting telescope armed with four 15° prisms of 11 inches in the side outside the object-glass. The tangled skein of starlight is thus completely unravelled before it enters the telescope, and each colour is at once sent to its proper focus.

Side by side with the introduction of adequate and well-designed means of spectroscopic record, the science of spectrum analysis itself is making no mean strides. The study of celestial and terrestrial spectra side by side, and special laboratory experiments intended to correlate them, are making progress; and the spectrum of a star or nebula is now much more full of meaning to us than it was only a very few years ago; and the more we know, the more will it teach us.

These, then, are some of the grounds on which I think we may hope for a rich harvest of astronomical knowledge during the decade on which we have just entered.

J. N. LOCKYER.

PANTOMIME TIME.

IS Pantomime—that is to say, the half- graceful, half-grotesque medley of spectacle and buffoonery, with its "opening," its "dark," and its "transformation" scenes, and its subsequent harlequinade, in which the pretty pirouettes and *entrechats* of Columbine, and the mysterious "passes" and agile leaps through "flaps" of Harlequin, alternated with the more or less humorous horse-play of Clown and Pantaloon, with the tradespeople whom they plundered, the lodging-house keepers whom they bilked, and the inoffensive foot-passengers whom they assaulted—is the merry, bustling, glittering entertainment, which used to be a standing-dish at almost every London theatre from Boxing-day to the end of February, and which not unfrequently even made its appearance in the play-bills at Easter, really on its last legs? A glance at the play-house programme set forth in any daily newspaper would seem, at the first blush, to point unmistakably to the fact that Pantomime, as elderly playgoers understood and liked and patronised it, say fifty years ago, is in a condition of hopeless decline, and that its total disappearance from the English stage is only a question of a few more years. This is, of course, the pessimistic way of looking at the matter. The lamented E. L. Blanchard sleeps his last sleep, and no more "Christmas Annuals" can come from his facile pen. Although we have plenty of able, solid scene-painters, the abounding imagination, the almost bewildering opulence of light and colour which glorified the transformation scene have vanished with William Roxby Beverly; and although we have yet a wonderfully funny clown in Harry Payne, and excellent

pantomimic artists in George Conquest, C. Lauri, and others, the "Grimaldi" clown has become a type as extinct as the dodo or the moa; and although the *corps de ballet* and the music-halls will be always ready to supply an adequate number of terpsichorean pantomimic performers, there is at the present day no exceptionally fairy-footed Columbine, no surpassingly pliant and lithesome Harlequin, and no phenomenally senile Pantaloon.

Moreover, the harlequinade proper, or "comic business," has within recent years been cut down to the narrowest possible proportions; and although, when the children are taken to the pantomime, they naturally insist on witnessing the "totality" of the show, just as Sir Walter Scott's French lady interlocutor expressed her preference for the "totality of the pavement," not many of the adult occupants of the stalls and boxes, who have brought no "small infantry" with them, remain to appreciate the waggeries of the pantomimists pure and simple, or the "magic changes" of a rag-shop into a railway station, or an arctic winter landscape into a steam laundry. The protracted nature of the exhibition now called a pantomime has naturally much to do with the comparatively scant attention which is bestowed on the harlequinade, and on Boxing Night it is, moreover, the cause of some material injustice to Mr. Clown and his hard-working comrades.

An experienced playgoer on the night in question who has been patiently fixing his eyes on the stage from the rising of the curtain at half-past seven to the culmination of splendour and coloured fires at a quarter to eleven, will not have failed to observe from his point of espial, say in a private box, or in the dress circle, that between half-past ten and a quarter to eleven there has been a considerable dropping off from among the masculine tenants of the stalls. By twos and threes these gentlemen have donned their Inverness capes, expanded their gibuses, pocketed their playbills and their binoculars, and slipped out of the crowded theatre. They are simply the dramatic critics of the newspapers; and a few minutes afterwards the rapider of hansoms have borne them to the offices, in or about Fleet Street, of the journals of which they are the representatives. They will toil until one in the morning, and sometimes later, on lengthy notices of the entertainments of which they have been obviously unable to witness more than four-fifths. Had they conscientiously, but injudiciously, remained throughout the "comic business," the public on the following morning, eagerly scanning over their tea and toast the notices of *Jack and the Beanstalk* or of *Cinderella*, would have had to be content with half a column of criticism instead of a whole one. Whether the news-reading public really gain by a restricted ration of what can scarcely help being so much good-natured verbiage it would be impertinent to pronounce; but there can be little doubt that the poor pantomimists are losers, so far as their professional prestige is concerned, by the curt amount of attention which the critics are able to bestow on them. As a rule their names are just mentioned, with a word or two of hurried encomium, and that is all, whereas Columbine would like to be told that she surpassed Miss Ballin and Miss Polly Marshall in their palmiest days; Pantaloon would be very glad to hear that with him the glories of Barnes had come again; while Mr. Clown would certainly

not be mortally offended were he assured that the conjoined mantles of "Joey" Grimaldi, Flexmore, Harry Boleno, and Tom Matthews had fallen on his shoulders.

The children, I have little doubt, are as passionately fond of the harlequinade as ever their predecessors were. Most boys, feeling their life in every limb, have a good deal of the pantomimic clown in their composition, and, as a rule, they find no difficulty in persuading their smaller brothers and sisters to fall into their views as to organising a series of "comic scenes" in the nursery. The "properties" required are neither elaborate nor costly; and with the aid of a few sofa pillows and clothes-horses and the turning inside out of juvenile garments, lavish indulgence in tumbling and slapping, and a cat the tail of which can be pulled on occasion, a juvenile pantomime, quite as funny as the "comic business" at one of the Theatres Royal, is not by any means a difficult entertainment to get up at home. The schoolroom maid, it is true, had best keep a sharp eye on the poker, lest too realistic a use should be made of it; nor, if there be any babies attached to the household, should the nurse omit to exercise the strictest surveillance over those infants, to prevent them from being pantomimically maltreated. But if due precautions are taken, an amateur juvenile pantomime—in which a grown-up Moderator may occasionally enact with advantage the part of the Policeman—may really prove a valuable means of at least partially solving the vexed problem of what we shall do with the delightful and intolerable crew of mirthful and mischievous little imps who are "home for the holidays."

But how is it with the oldsters? The story goes that Lord Chancellor Eldon until he was nearly seventy years of age had never beheld a pantomime. Then some friend took him to Covent Garden to see *Mother Goose*, and to revel in the drolleries of the inimitable "Joey." Lord Eldon went subsequently eleven consecutive times. Should we, lawyers or clients, gentle or simple, learned or unlearned, care to follow Lord Eldon's lead nowadays? Look at that playhouse programme in the newspapers already spoken of. In one daily journal I find a schedule of four-and-twenty theatres, of which twenty were neither built nor thought of in the *Mother Goose* days. At the National Theatre, Drury Lane, I find a sumptuous entertainment, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, the production of which must have cost thousands of pounds, and which, in the splendour of its scenery and costumes, and the gracefulness of its ballets, has rarely, if ever, been equalled, but which is no more a pantomime, from the *Mother Goose* point of view, than the "Inferno" is a comic song. At Her Majesty's Theatre is another gorgeous spectacular display, *Cinderella*, with a maximum of dazzling processions and a minimum of "comic business." At the Royal Italian Opera is a splendid circus, of which the leading attraction is a lion that rides on horseback. To the Haymarket crowds plod to see the clever adaptation from the French of a powerful, sombre play, *A Man's Shadow*. The Adelphi is crammed night after night by the audiences who delight in *London Day by Day*. At the Lyceum, Mr. Irving wields the enchanter's wand in *The Dead Heart*, an elaborate performance which has assuredly nothing to do with Christmas or with pantomime. At the Princess's, a serious drama, *Master and Man*. At the

Gaiety, a "screaming" burlesque, *Ruy Blas*, which has been running for ever so long. At the Strand, a farcical comedy, *Our Flat*. At the Globe, Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, dexterously turned into a delightful fairy spectacle with enchanting music. At the Vaudeville, a pathetic piece of domestic genre, *Joseph's Sweetheart*. At the Opera Comique, an analogous performance, *The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy*. At the Court, the Comedy, and the Criterion, farcical comedies or comedy-farces—*Aunt Jack*, *Pink Dominoes*, and *Caste*, respectively. At Toole's, comedy and farce; at the Savoy, a sparkling opéra bouffe; at the Avenue, the Prince of Wales's, the Lyric, the Garrick, and the Shaftesbury, comic opera, comic opera again, a domestic drama, a serious drama, yet another opéra bouffe, and, lastly, a fearful and wonderful adaptation from the French, of the most blood-curdling kind—*La Tosca*.

All these theatres are, as a rule, full every night. It is Christmas; it is Pantomime-time; and the children are home for the holidays. But where, it may be asked, is *Mother Goose*, and where are the modern Lord Eldons who would care to go to see "Joey" Grimaldi eleven nights in succession, if indeed there were a Grimaldi extant for the modern Lord Eldons to see? The truth would seem to be that *Mother Goose* is as dead as the celebrated bird which first laid the golden eggs. Splendid processional and choregraphic spectacles, interspersed with facetious songs and dialogue, and with a modicum of harlequinading at the close, may be reckoned upon at Christmas-time to draw thousands of people, old and young, any night to Drury Lane and to Her Majesty's; but these grandiose entertainments are not Pantomimes; nor, were they so, and of the *Mother Goose* order, would they perhaps in these times attain any public patronage to speak of. G. A. S.

RECORDS OF AN ENGLISH TOWN.

IT is impossible to express too strongly the gratitude with which historians must welcome the work which is now being done by the corporation of Nottingham in printing the Records of their town. First among English towns, they have set a noble and enlightened example which, it is to be earnestly hoped, many others will soon follow. The four volumes which are as yet published cover the period from the Norman kings to Elizabeth, and have been edited by Mr. Stevenson with admirable care and skill. Translations, notes, glossary, and indices, give the student every aid; and the generous regard of the modern town for the history of its early founders and makers is shown in the care spent on every detail of print, of illustration, and of outward fitness. It is a work which cannot be too highly praised, both in its conception and in its execution.

Nottingham is interesting among English towns as being one of the few places whose prosperity from the earliest times rested almost entirely on its trading activity. Its position indeed was one of great military

importance; for lying almost at the centre of the kingdom, it held the only point where the road from the south crossed the Trent, and commanded the navigation of the river, where, broadened by the confluence of the Derwent and the Soar, it became a great highway of internal communication. It was thus inevitable that throughout its history, like that of the Danes down to the time of the great Civil War, Nottingham should always play a part when any fighting was going on. But England was in the main a land of peace, and the occasional and intermittent importance of an internal fortress was wholly different from the consequence that attached to a border castle, like that of Bristol, or to outposts against foreign foes, such as the walled sea-port towns of the coast. The military capabilities of Nottingham made but little mark on its character and history compared with the profounder influence of the position which assured its fortunes in trade and commerce; and the castle which overlooked the town from the sandstone cliff that rose precipitously from the waters of the river Lene played no great part in the life of the mediæval borough.

Throughout the period covered by these Records, the interest of the history of Nottingham lies in the quiet picture that is given of a group of active and thriving traders, at peace with their neighbours, and for the most part at peace with themselves. The only home quarrel was one of late development and of very moderate vivacity—a lingering dispute from the middle of the fifteenth century between the Town Council and the burgesses as to the proper distribution of responsibility in municipal business.

Compared with most other towns its freedom from any kind of external interference was really phenomenal. Like all boroughs that held under the Crown, it won very early full rights of self-government. Within its own boundaries its independence was unquestioned. Its mayors were not required, as at Bristol, to take their oath of office from the Governor of the Castle. They had not even occasion to battle against the claims of any ecclesiastical power within the town walls—claims which so sorely vexed such places as Exeter and Canterbury and Reading. Ecclesiastical history indeed played no great part in Nottingham. Two churches already existed under Cnut, and before the fourteenth century one more was added. But no abbey had been founded within its liberties, and the yearly journey of the mayor and his brethren to carry Whitsuntide offerings to the mother church at Southwell only recalled a time when Paulinus first founded there a centre of mission work among the pagans. Nottingham was unfretted, too, by trouble from without. By its position on the outskirts of Sherwood Forest it was freed from the neighbourhood of any powerful lord who could threaten its citizens, diminish its rights, or tax its people with petty wars or

costly law-suits, as Liverpool and Bristol and Exeter and Canterbury and Lynn were taxed and harassed. If the Lord of Colwick had by attempted to make obstructions in the river, his efforts at encroachment were promptly suppressed by a Royal Commission; and redress was at once given when a "clamorous relation" of the men of Nottingham declared that their provisions were brought to "a great dearness" by the exaction of toll by landowners along the river-banks between Nottingham and Hull. The great bridge over the Trent was itself put under their absolute control by Edward III., and the heavy costs and troubles which it brought were gladly borne by the traders and shopkeepers rather than have any rival authority set up at their gates.

A very curious feature in the early history of Nottingham was its division into two boroughs—the English and the French—ruled by wholly different customs, and represented by different bailiffs in the general town government until as late as 1330. The French settlement must have given from the first a great impulse to foreign trade, for we find notices of silk and of foreign girdles and ornaments before 1300; and as early as 1155, when probably there were few places in England where cloth was dyed, bales were sent to Nottingham to be coloured blue, red, green, and tawny or murrey. Their scarlet dye was indeed liable to turn out not scarlet but red; but three centuries later than this, English cloth was sent to Italy to get its scarlet colour. French influence may possibly be also traced in the artistic life of the town. There was a bell-founder there before the middle of the fifteenth century, who besides his bells made brazen pots. The Nottingham goldsmith was employed to repair the cross in Clifton Church. The town had its own illuminator, Richard the Writer; and its image-maker, Nicholas Hill, sent his wares to London—on one occasion as many as fifty-eight heads of John the Baptist, some of them in tabernacles or niches. He worked, too, in painting or gilding alabaster salt-cellars, and was commonly known as the "Alabaster Man."

Rougher trades were practised too. The workers in iron, for which Nottingham was famous, lived in Girdler Gate and Bridle-smith Gate; and there is a notice of the transfer of a coalmine in Cossall in 1348. The Market Place, which is said even now to be the largest market-place in England, was then the most busy centre of town life. The Gild Hall had not only its council-room, and its goals for debtors with iron grating to the street, and the prison for felons in a room above, but its storage rooms for merchandise. There were thirty-two stalls in the Butchers' House; in the Mercers' House there were thirty stalls; and the Market Place was covered with booths, the regulation and management of all of which can be studied through these Records in the minutest detail. Throughout the troubles of the Wars of the Roses the Nottingham burghers did just what the men of every other town in England did—they sent soldiers in red jackets with white letters sewn on them, when they were ordered to help the reigning king; but, on whatever side they fought, as soon as victory was declared messengers were hurried off with gifts and protestations of loyalty to the conqueror. Meanwhile they went steadily on with the main business of trade, and watched their prices going up and their wealth constantly accumulating. The rent

of the butchers' stalls rose from 3s. 4d. in 1435 to 4s. 11d. in 1499, and the Mercers' House enjoyed a like prosperity. The number of suits between the burgesses and "foreigners," or non-burgesses, increased prodigiously in the fifteenth century. Sometimes in a single year twenty rolls were closely written on both sides with the records of these suits alone—a fact which points to trade dealings with the outer world on a scale quite unknown to the previous century.

The wealth of Nottingham was probably not to be compared with the wealth of towns like Bristol or Lynn, which at a time when capital was extremely scanty had accumulated in their coffers good store of gold and silver. But the inventories of household goods and the wills which occur from time to time show a considerable class of citizens living in wealth and luxury, and many others who enjoyed a substantial comfort. The lists of household utensils contrast strangely with those given a century earlier in such a town as Colchester, when in 1300 the wealthiest tradesman in the town, a butcher, was valued at £7 15s. 2d.; while the whole property of another lay in meat worth 30s., and the stock-in-trade of the remaining half-dozen consisted merely in brawn, lard, and a few salting-tubs. A subsidy roll of 1472 gives a list of 154 owners of freehold property in Nottingham, from one whose tenth was 74s. 7½d. to one whose tenth was set down at ¼d. The great majority paid from 5s. to 2s.; and while the richer citizens were building, or adorning with handsome carved oak, houses which a later age called "palaces of King John," these humbler tradesmen contented themselves with homes such as are described in a contract for building of 1479, where the little dwelling with a frontage of 18 feet on the street was to have two bay windows, and to cost altogether about £6. There is no indication of poverty such as we find in various other towns, in Southampton, or Romney, or Chester, or Canterbury—all places which had to suffer from special causes of distress. Here prosperity seems to have gone on with a perfectly steady course. Even when the ferm of the town was reduced £20 by Edward IV., it was done, so far as the town Records tell the tale, without any of the complainings of utter misery and desolation by which such favours were commonly won. There is no more serious hint of distress than is marked by the fact that in 1399 two of the butchers' stalls were unlet; nor do the wills contain those legacies for the relief of the poor and of prisoners which are frequent in places where the call of poverty was more pressing and insistent.

It is, however, impossible to do more than indicate the wealth of material for our social history which lies in Records such as these. As regards our constitutional history, too, they are equally important. Townsmen who are boasting themselves in the full maturity of municipal life may well turn with interest to the tale of its obscure beginnings, its prodigious vitality, its curious growth and vicissitudes, its experiments good and evil. The makers of a new England will look with a quickened interest to the little stage of the mediæval boroughs where their forefathers once played their part, trying a dozen schemes of representation, constructing plans of government, inventing constitutions, with a living energy which has not yet spent its force after traversing a score of generations.

THE TUDOR EXHIBITION.

FIRST NOTICE.

THERE seems to be every prospect that the Tudor Exhibition will prove as attractive as its predecessor. In the matter of sentiment the Stuart Exhibition had its advantage, for not even Bluff King Hal or Good Queen Bess are surrounded with the personal charm which clings to the names of Mary Queen of Scots or Charles the First, and the stirring pages of their history are too remote to stir such lively feelings as those that tell of the great struggle that divided England for a great part of the following century. The blood-stained tippet of Anne Boleyn will, no doubt, be one of the most popular "relics" of the present Exhibition; but it will affect no one so deeply as the shirt or shirts worn by King Charles at his execution; and even as a "martyr," though we have expunged his service from the Prayer-book, that monarch has probably more sympathy in England at the present time than all those who were burnt at Smithfield, or even Sir Thomas More, whose claim to the title of "martyr" was recognised by the Pope but three or four years ago. But the sixteenth century—which is, roughly speaking, the period over which the Tudor Exhibition extends—was the making of England. No exhibition should appeal more strongly to our national pride than a series of portraits and relics of the great men and women who made England famous in the days of the Tudors.

The very strong committee which, with the Lord de l'Isle and Dudley at their head, undertook to organise this Exhibition may well be congratulated at the result; and great credit is due to the Executive Committee for the admirable manner in which the numerous articles are arranged, and the excellent catalogue which has been provided for the information of visitors.

Certainly not less should we thank those who have lent their treasures to the Exhibition, and of all the contributions none are so valuable as those which have been lent by the Queen. Not to mention anything else, the Holbein drawings from Windsor are of such importance and beauty that without them the Exhibition would have been comparatively a failure. It is by them and the fine collection of armour which splendidly decorates the Central Hall that it will be chiefly remembered. The Holbein drawings are indeed well known, but their supreme beauty and value have never been so clearly manifest as now, when they are surrounded on all sides by pictures which have been founded upon them, and which are mostly either bad copies or original Holbeins which have been so "restored" by inferior hands that every trace of their former beauty has long since vanished. Indeed, if it were not for the exquisite portrait of Christina Duchess of Milan, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, and removed here from the National Gallery, it would be difficult to tell from the present collection how a fine picture by Holbein ought to look when undiscoloured by varnish and untampered with by the restorer. Of Chris-

tina there is unfortunately no drawing in the Windsor collection, but in this case, if in any, we can dispense with one; for, with his full power as a painter, this picture unites all the best qualities of his drawings—the firmness without rigidity, the complete repose with intense life, the perfect grasp of character without exaggeration. But if there is no picture by Holbein here which is as fine as that of the witty Christina, there are many which are excellent and undoubted works by the master-hand. One of these is Mr. Louis Huth's portrait of Sir Thomas More (94), and another the Queen's portrait of the third Duke of Norfolk (91); but the face of the former is not quite undamaged or untouched, and the fine modelling of the latter is obscured by varnish. Unusually fine also, and sensitive in modelling, though similarly discoloured, is the "Head of an Old Man" (171), lent by the Duke of Devonshire. In these cases, and possibly in a good many more, the removal of varnish would disclose a picture in a pure state; but what with too much "restoration" on the one hand, and too little on the other, most of what may be called "historical" Holbeins are in bad case. They contrast in this respect with several pictures which are not "historical," such as the Duke of Devonshire's fine "Portrait of a Man with a Pink" (82) and Mr. Boyce's "Portrait of an Englishman" (125), though this bears some severe scars, Mr. Eastlake's "Portrait of a Man" (62), and Sir John Millais' "Portrait of a Man" (67). All these pictures are worthy of Holbein, and the last is the most brilliant and masterly of them all—a superb piece of colour and modelling, combining the most searching draughtsmanship with perfect breadth, and in the painting of the greyish-black beard of a quality scarce surpassable. In the presence of so many daubs which bear the magic name of the master, it is hard also to be told that the exquisite picture of Edward VI. (174), belonging to the Earl of Yarborough, is only a copy of an original at Hanover. This is one of the few pictures which will bear comparison with the original drawing, and is at once brilliant and harmonious in colour, and drawn with perfect freedom as well as precision. We bow, but not without protest, to the decision of such an authority as the late Dr. Woltmann. But we are getting too far ahead, and have altogether forgotten that Henry VIII. had a father as well as a son.

Unfortunately, Henry VII. had no Holbein to perpetuate his image, and time and the restorers have dealt so hardly with the pictures which illustrate his period that there is little left of either the painter or the painted. The name of Jan de Mabuse is appended to many of them, but even that name cannot arouse any pictorial interest in the works themselves. The best of the so-called Mabuses is the curious triptych lent by Mrs. Dent, of Sudeley, and supposed to represent the "Marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York" (12). The centre compartment, in which were probably figures of the Virgin and Child, has been repainted since the Reformation, and the "Popish" figures replaced by the cold empty interior of a church. In each of the side compartments are two figures—on the right, Henry VII. with an ecclesiastic; on the left, Elizabeth of York and a saint with a spear. The ecclesiastic—who, by-the-by, is very much like Henry VII. himself—is thought to be Cardinal Bouchier, Arch-

bishop of Canterbury, who married the pair; the saint is doubtfully named St. Thomas. The picture, which has been sadly repainted, especially on the left, has some undamaged parts, like the landscape seen through the right window, which show that the painter was of no mean skill.

Of the single portraits of Henry VII. ascribed to Mabuse, a small one belonging to the Earl Brownlow (22) is the best conserved, but the type of his face is so settled and strong that even the worst of them is unmistakable. The same may be said of his mother, Margaret Beaufort, of whom there are many effigies equally harsh and forbidding. The best and most interesting is the life-size kneeling figure lent by St. John's College, Cambridge. A portrait of Arthur Prince of Wales, though flat and stiff and faded, is the work of a better artist, and retains some pleasing remains of colour. This picture, numbered 30 in the catalogue, belongs, we suppose, to the Queen, but the name of the owner has been by some mistake omitted from the catalogue. The Queen is, however, the undoubted owner of another very interesting but extremely bad picture (25), in which King Henry VII. and all his family are seen kneeling in a row upon a plain, which the catalogue says is "unbroken," but which appears to us to be as much cut up as a plain can well be. Up in the air, as it seems to us (for here we again differ from the catalogue, which says in a distant plain), St. George is fighting the dragon. Both these pictures have been described by Mr. G. Scharf in "Archæologia," and an engraving of the latter is to be found in vol. xlix., p. 246. On the whole, this part of the Exhibition is a little dreary, though there are one or two pleasant portraits, like Mrs. Dent's "Mary Tudor" (5), the sister of Henry VIII. and wife of Louis XII. of France, who afterwards married Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. This is a somewhat hard but well-executed and agreeable picture, and is ascribed to Johannes Corvus, a painter of whom we have never heard. Pretty and simple also is the face of "Mary Hungerford, Baroness Hungerford, afterwards Hastings," of whom there is a well-painted portrait lent by Lord Donington (32). "Did Lucas van Leyden ever paint on copper?" is one of several questions raised by the curious little picture of "Card-players" (20), lent by Lord Bagot. It is poor in expression, and has been much repainted, but the pure parts of it are very delicate in execution and cheerful in colour. Finally, before returning to Henry VIII., we would call attention to the so-called portrait of Dean Colet, although it is the worst of all the slanders on the name of Mabuse. It is interesting for the reason that the traditional type of the Dean is based on the beautiful drawing of Holbein (518), and this can scarcely be authentic, as Colet died, at the age of sixty-three, some years before Holbein came to England. It is not without reason that a query is fixed to the title in the catalogue.

Of the many portraits of Henry VIII. here and ascribed to Holbein, very few can be regarded as genuine works of that master. That lent by the Earl of Yarborough (53) is probably the original of a number of copies which pass for Holbeins, but are not really by his hand. The Earl of Warwick's portrait (126) is indeed vouched for by Dr. Waagen; and the portrait in the Barber-Surgeons' picture, and some others were doubtless by his hand;

but anything like a really fine well-preserved life-size likeness of Henry VIII. by Holbein it would be hard to find in this West Gallery. If one wishes to know what it should be like, he could not perhaps do better than study the Queen's beautiful miniature, full face, in oil, in Case I., North Gallery (1066). It is a pity that Holbein did not finish the face in that grand cartoon which is one of the many interesting things lent by the Marquess of Hartington (42). Damaged by repainting as all the heads are, more or less, except those of Dr. Chambers and Dr. Butts, the picture of Henry VIII. granting the Charter to the Barber-Surgeons' Company (152) shows that its great reputation was not ill founded; but it is difficult to understand how, even in its finest state, the so-called "Dancing Picture" (145), now belonging to Major-General F. E. Sotheby, could have aroused the admiration of John Evelyn and Horace Walpole, or have been thought to be by the hand of Holbein. It was formerly in the possession of the Duke of Norfolk, and thought to represent Henry VIII., the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Suffolk, dancing with Anne Boleyn and the king's sisters; but even that tradition is discredited now, and in its present wretched condition the picture exists only as a curiosity. Of the other pictures by Holbein or his imitators, like Gwillim Strete, to whom are now ascribed many of the pictures that formerly passed for Holbeins (among others the imposing red portrait of the "Earl of Surrey" (73)—we wonder why the catalogue calls his shoes black), we must leave our readers to judge for themselves. We must, however, point out that the Earl of Pembroke's portrait (100), which is labelled Sir John More, is not a Holbein and is not Sir John More, though it is a very fine picture; and that Mr. William Seward's picture (70) ought not to have been exhibited at all. This applies to some other pictures, but certainly not to three which do not pretend to be Holbeins, and are all of peculiar charm in very different ways. These are Mr. Henry Willett's "Queen Anne of Cleves" (133), Mr. Devitt's "Margaret Roper" (139), and Mr. Charles Butler's "Lady Anne Heneage" (166).

THE OTHER VIEW OF BARNUM.

IT is rather late to begin to talk about Barnum. He is here in our midst twice daily, and he transcends dissertation. His great personality has taken us by storm and silenced the cavils of criticism. Barnum seems to have been formed by a benign Providence to be a living commentary on the sermons of Mr. Smiles; all the virtues (if they are virtues) of self-help, perseverance, thrift, find in him their fullest development. He began life poor; he is ending it rich. He tried various lines and failed; he tried a new one and succeeded. His show was burned down; he started a bigger one. When one natural curiosity died he got hold of two. He wanted Jumbo; he bought him. Jumbo was killed; he had him stuffed and bought Alice. Alice was burnt; he bought the sacred white elephant of the ill-used Theebaw. So he conquered,

"And moving on from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire."

Us in England—"penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos," as we fondly deemed ourselves—he treated just the same. He came, he advertised, he conquered. He told the British public to come to Olympia; the British public came, and fell down and worshipped.

Howbeit there are yet some few in Israel who have not bowed the knee to Baal; some whose souls crave other food than equestriennes and equilibristes, and acrobates; a few whose natures' higher needs are not satisfied even by the most life-like wax-works and the most wax-like Circassians; recalcitrants, insensible even to the fascination of the high-wire genius, Señor Cebellos, allowing, indeed, that he is a lofty genius, but only at three and eight p.m., and that in a literal rather than a metaphorical sense.

Such voices have hitherto been drowned in the tumultuous chorus of a nation's welcome, and it is partly their own fault. They treated Barnum flippantly. Such conduct naturally revolted public taste. But in truth this invasion is a very serious thing. America sent us her greatest critic, and we rather liked him, and some of us gave him a dinner, but we did not go into raptures over him. She sent us over-sea the songs of her greatest poet and we mocked at him, and one of us turned and rent him. She sent us her greatest showman and we flocked in our thousands to adore him. The awful significance of Barnum's success lies in this. We are told that he "has taken the measure of the British public," and this is proved by the event to be true. And our measure is—? Let us cover our faces for shame, for it is the deliberate conclusion of the shrewdest man on earth that we, the people that might have learned the songs of Browning and sat at the feet of Darwin, will leap in sudden rapture at the skeleton of Jumbo, the only educated zebras in creation, and the longest-haired lady in the world.

But then it is the greatest show on earth. It combines amusement with instruction. There is nothing vulgar in it from beginning to end. These are the claims officially made on its behalf. It must be confessed that these statements remind one of the German critics who emend Cicero by the insertion or omission of the word "not" when it suits their idea of what the sense ought to be. Such sights are not instructive, and they are vulgar. Unusual they may be; a dog running up a ladder on its fore-legs is happily a very unusual sight indeed, but this is not instruction. The statement that there is nothing vulgar in the show probably means that there is nothing low. With the exception of the "Museum of living curiosities" this is true. But to say that the whole show is not vulgar from beginning to end is an outrage on the meaning of the word. That this is the greatest show on earth is notorious, but it is no recommendation. That a thing is the greatest of its kind, when its kind is bad, only adds insult to injury. We may say of shows what Mr. George narrow-mindedly said of lawyers—"generally, I object to the breed." This is the entertainment that has made theatrical managers quake with fear.

No notice of the greatest show on earth would be complete without some recogni-

tion of the services to dramatic art and the contributions to Roman history and antiquities rendered by Mr. Imre Kiralfy's great work, *Nero*. If the book of this play could be published it would be a gain to literature. It would run something like this:—

Morning.—*The Sacred Way. Sennet. Enter NERO in triumphal procession. A song. A dance. Exeunt.*
Night.—*Exit Sacred Way. Enter the Circus Maximus. Sennet. Enter NERO. Games. A song. A dance. Exeunt.*

And so on. The spectacle is modestly described by its proprietor as "super-splendid," and it must be admitted that it is difficult to admire too highly the unanimity with which several hundred dancers all put out their legs at the same moment. But the interest of the piece is historical rather than dramatic.

Some of the principal facts gathered from a careful study of this work may be briefly summarised:—

1. The number of the Vestal Virgins was not six, as has hitherto been generally supposed, but about twenty-five. Their chief duty was to loaf about the city gates and sing choruses.

2. It appears to have been customary in the chariot-races in the circus for the leading chariots to give way at the turn of the course to the hindmost one, so that the last became first and the first last. In this practical fulfilment of Biblical prediction we may perhaps trace the influence of the early Christians.

3. The early Christians themselves, in the time of Nero, used to let their light shine among men by the simple expedient of wearing large white crosses on the fronts of their garments. In this attire they used to rush aimlessly about the city and perpetually fall at Nero's feet to beg for mercy, entirely oblivious of two apparent objections to this course—first, they had done nothing to require mercy; second, they never by any chance got it.

4. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the Olympian Games took place at Olympia. They were at Corinth. The games at Olympia were those connected with P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth.

5. Tacitus and others have stated that Piso's conspiracy was discovered through treason in their midst. This, we now learn, is incorrect. The conspirators, it appears, waiting for a clear moonlight night, assembled with many torches in front of Nero's palace and sang a chorus about the impending assassination as loudly as they could. This was overheard by Acte, Nero's cast-off mistress, who happened to be laying her down to die in the neighbourhood. She revealed the secret, and on the approach of the Emperor, who was at that moment marrying Poppæa Sabina (now shown to have been a beautiful slave), they retired.

It is a pity Barnum ever came over here to humiliate us. "There is another shore, you know, upon the other side," and he is fully appreciated there. But we must make the best of it. This American conquest of England may be compared with the view some people take of the English conquest of India. It would have been better if it had never been done, but now it is done we must pretend to like it. We may as well glory in our shame. Barnum has taught us a lesson. We are all Philistines. He has humbled us, and we, in our turn, have humbled, not him, but ourselves at his feet.

THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

PARIS, Jan. 8, 1890.

THE Chamber of Deputies, elected the 22nd of September and the 5th of October last, has held its first extraordinary session—that is to say, the autumn session, which is not rendered obligatory by the Constitution—and nothing extraordinary has marked it. With the exception of the three or four days devoted to the election of the Bureau, to the Bill which accords the match-manufactory monopoly to the State, and to the vote of secret funds to the Ministry of the Interior, all the sittings have been given up to the verification of the electoral returns; and of all our parliamentary duties this is, I say frankly, the most insupportable. I am resolutely opposed to the revision of the constitution, because the bringing forward of questions of political metaphysics for discussions which must necessarily be violent, means the creation, for no purpose, of the most annoying and often the most dangerous of agitations; and because, as I think, whatever constitution *is*, is the best.

Should, however, in the course of events, a congress of revision be given us, I supplicate the future constituents to free the future Chamber from this deplorable privilege—the right to verify for itself the electoral returns of its members!

To verify an election is to decide whether it has or has not been properly conducted, whether the feelings of the electors have or have not been freely expressed, whether the balloting has or has not been influenced by Government pressure, by Clerical pressure, or by bribery and corruption, whether the voting has or has not been impregnable to calumny and lying: in one word, it is to perform the duties of a judge—it is to judge. In the name of common sense, can we assign to the representatives of political parties who have just been waging against each other a war to the teeth, and on the very morrow of the combat, the smoke not yet dissipated, and the wounds still open, can we assign to them, to be performed by the ones towards the others, the duties of a judge? Surely this is to call upon men to become angels! And Pascal has shown us that this is an effort that cannot be called for without danger.

Is it the case, however, that the newly elected Chamber has throughout this verification of the returns given proof of an excessive political leaning, as it is accused of doing by the opposition journals? Nothing is more absolutely opposed to the truth. There may, of course, be room for discussion as regards the grounds for individual decisions; but taken as a whole the task, painful and thankless as it was, was carried out in conformity with justice, and this for several reasons, one of which will suffice—namely, that those who systematically declared valid being nearly equal in numbers to those who systematically

declared null, the majority depended almost entirely on the eighty or one hundred deputies whose scruples of conscience I have described; and in consequence it was the impartial members who almost invariably decided the vote. But what satisfaction will be felt on all sides when we shall have finished our judgment on the last of the twenty elections still to be inquired into!

In the course of debates so necessarily monotonous as those of the verification of the returns, the Chamber has had no means, of course, of clearly manifesting the spirit by which it is animated, and consequently the problem of the new Chamber remains almost entirely unsolved.

In the few cases, nevertheless, in which really political questions have been submitted to the Assembly, the Republican majority has known how to pronounce itself with no uncertain voice in the sense of political reason, and of invincible opposition to any return of aggressive *Boulangisme*.

I shall not here enter upon the interminable discussion as to the legality of the Montmartre election, when M. Boulanger's votes were annulled, because, condemned by the High Court of Justice and deprived of his civil rights, he was incapable of making a legal declaration of candidature; but if the question of legality was open to doubt—in my opinion it was not, but I will not press the point—there was no room for doubt as regarded the question of political expediency; and it was clearly of the greatest importance that the vote of the Assembly should banish all hope of a new electoral agitation in the future for M. Boulanger. That was what my eminent friend, M. Henri Brisson, and I myself both declared in the tribune. The Republican majority understood this, and confirmed almost unanimously the election of M. Joffrin, thus signifying to the contumacious gentleman of Jersey that, in counting on any weakness in his regard on the part of the Republicans, he would be counting without his host.

M. Boulanger has been condemned by the High Court of Justice to expatriation and civic degradation; he has been struck off the list of citizens—he will never again be permitted to stand as candidate. The vote of the Chamber has furnished the necessary jurisprudence. Henceforth, whosoever M. Boulanger may try to pose as candidate, his notices will be destroyed and his votes annulled.

Here, then, we have one point clear: the new Republican majority is as resolutely anti-Boulangist as its predecessor. A second point which is no less clear is that when the Ministry takes the trouble to speak and act *en gouvernement*, it will govern resolutely. This was clearly indicated in the debate on the match monopoly, and on the secret funds: from the moment M. Rouvier and M. Constans said what they had to say, the majority drew together behind them in a solid phalanx.

Of the old leaders of the Republican party, some have been defeated at the elections (M. Jules Ferry and M. Goblet); the others, who have often been painfully retiring, now, on the contrary, exert a certain influence over the majority. The new deputies, for their part, are very different, and it is enough for M. Clémenceau to say "white," for them to say "black." All initiative and all direction can come therefore but from the Government, and it is from the Government that they are expected. The long and insupportable debate on the verification of the returns necessarily kept the Cabinet in the background, for it is a tradition that the Cabinet does not intervene in these discussions; and this is not the least of the objections we bring forward against the verification of the electoral returns of the members by the Chamber itself, because it is at the beginning of an administration that the action of a Government makes itself most felt as regards the formation of a majority, and because the debate on general politics, a debate that is necessary, nay, indispensable, is far too long postponed.

When will this debate take place? It is probable that it cannot be put off further than February. As to what the pretext may be, I do not flatter myself that I can properly foretell, and indeed it matters little. All that is essential is that the debate be not too long postponed, and that it be frank, clear, and to the point.

Ever since the October elections the refrain has been, "Policies be hanged! to business!" That is all very well, and it is my belief too that there should be eliminated from the programme of the Chamber everything resembling, nearly or distantly, political metaphysics, revision of Constitution, separation of Church and State, etc., etc. But it would be childish to imagine that political business can be transacted; or the reforms, fiscal, economical, administrative, agricultural and industrial, demanded by the country at large, introduced without some sort of policy properly so called.

Policy is ubiquitous, that is a fact; and to deny this fact is but to be guilty of bad policy.

Some explanation must then be given of the purification, so to speak, and of the general direction to which Republican policy is to be submitted. We have not wished to reform the old parliamentary groups, because the union of all Republicans is clearly one of the necessities of the situation, and fulfil a desire very strongly felt throughout the country. This union is not to be built in the air, nor to consist of abstract ideas. A union to be fruitful and advantageous, a union that is not to be finally denounced by all at once, as a delusion and a fraud, must have a solid foundation; it must have, in other words, a common programme or policy. Who is to formulate this programme? Clearly the Government

alone; it is their rôle, it is their profession. And I affirm this to-day with a full knowledge of the facts, that if the Government but speak frankly and to the point, fearless of consequences, they will have the greatest political majority behind them that for fifteen years has ever existed in our Parliament.

A portion of the ancient Extreme Left will, of course, remain rebellious against any policy of wisdom and moderation; men like M. Clémenceau are incorrigible; but the portion will be too few in number to weaken the action of the Republican majority.

I make no mention of the dozen or so Boulangist deputies who surround M. Laguerre and M. Deroulède. Radicals and Moderates, we all are at one on this subject: they are a set of traitors, and political amnesty there will be none for them. As regards the Right, the situation of the Republic in their regard is very simple. If the Government rallies round it a Republican majority—they have but to wish it and the thing is done—the Right can make as many alliances as it likes with the Boulangists: it will be powerless. If, on the contrary the Right are—at all events a portion of the Right—decided to abjure its “intransigence” (ultramontanism (?)), and to become the Opposition of the Republic, as in England Whigs and Tories become alternately the Queen’s Opposition, it is free to do so, and it would be wise for it to do so, from the point of view of the interests of the Conservative party, the interests sacrificed by them for impossible dreams of monarchies and shameful dreams of dictatorships; and I do not hesitate to say that it would be well for it to do so from the point of view also of the general interests of the Republic and the whole country. Only, if we are some of us very determined never to practise any but a policy of justice, of toleration, and of religious peace, we are equally determined, the most moderate as the most radical, never to sacrifice a stone of the educational and military laws.

The adhesion of a portion of the Right to the Republic would be an event of capital importance, and, as I think, great good fortune; but it is not worth the dismantling of these two laws, which are the citadels of the Republic, and we shall not buy it at that price. M. Ribot, whom no one suspects of Radicalism, said this in a remarkable speech on the day following the elections, and there are not ten Republicans who do not agree with M. Ribot on this head.

“The Republic minus the Republicans,” of which there was formerly so much question was a chimera; “The Republic minus Republican institutions” would be a folly.

And indeed the Right has no illusions on the subject; it knows that as regards the law which renders military service obligatory for all, and the law which renders primary instruction obligatory, free, and *unconfessional*, we shall make no concession.

JOSEPH REINACH.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, Jan. 10, 1890.

WHO is the heir to the Laureateship?

And is he heir-apparent, with an indefeasible right of succession, or only an heir-presumptive, who is liable to be put on one side by the superior claim of some rival at present unborn? In either case we trust it may be long before he enters upon his inheritance, and the intervening time may serve to clear the question of succession from some of the uncertainty which at present surrounds it. Part of the embarrassment arises from the fact that certain aspirants who a few years ago were practically ineligible for what, grotesquely enough, is a post in the royal household, have of late made themselves possible. Mr. Swinburne’s verse is no longer looked upon with disfavour in the school-room, and Mr. Lewis Morris is no longer a Radical candidate for a seat in Parliament. It only remains that the author of the “*Earthly Paradise*” should renounce Socialism, and confine his attention for a season to æsthetic upholstery, and then we shall have three claimants for the office, all worthy to be numbered with the “company of courtly makers.”

Perhaps the best solution of the difficulty would be to make the Laureateship a hereditary office. No doubt Mr. Hallam Tennyson would be fully equal to the task of composing congratulatory hymns on royal jubilees; and the experiment would have an educational value as a test of the Hereditary Principle. After all, it is not much more absurd that a man should be a hereditary poet than that he should be a hereditary law-giver.

Mr. Gladstone’s rather infelicitous correspondence with the wary editor of *Merry England* has produced, as might be expected, a resurrection of “*Ellen Middleton*.” It is only a pity that the devout and gifted author of that remarkable book should not have lived to see this late revival of public interest in her sombre tale. “*Ellen Middleton*,” though famous at the time of its publication, had of late years lapsed completely out of sight. It was written while Lady Georgiana Fullerton was still an Anglican, and after she became a Roman she would not for a long time permit the republication of a story which inferentially maintained the sacerdotal functions of the Anglican ministry. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Meynell between them have done good service to the public by rescuing from obscurity a book so instinct with human interest. A novel with a purpose is usually a weariness to the flesh, but “*Ellen Middleton*” is a work of genius. It was written with the heart’s blood of a singularly intense and gracious nature, and in spite of the fact that it depicts a type of life and manners

which has passed away, and is composed in a style of diction now completely obsolete, it leaves upon the reader’s mind an even painfully strong impression of that reality which comes of experience.

It is said that Lord Alvanley sate one Whit Monday in the bow-window of White’s, and as he watched the pitiless rain, exclaimed, “Thank Heaven it’s a wet day, and the d—d lower orders can’t enjoy themselves!” A thousand memories of this genial patrician and his congeners still haunt the shades of White’s and Brookes’s. Even that caravanserai of the stock-brokers which crowns what Lord Beaconsfield called the “celebrated eminence” of St. James’s Street, could tell many a tragic tale of broken fortunes and ruined lives.

But in spite of abundant and interesting material, Mr. Joseph Hatton has contrived to make his “*Clubland, London and Provincial*,” a rather dull affair. His illustrations are good, and he has conscientiously read up whatever has been printed about clubs; but he does not seem to have cultivated the traditions of his subject, and his original researches have led him to some strange conclusions, as when he depicts the enjoyment of the guest who flits from luncheon at the Reform Club to dinner at the Carlton.

I am a little surprised to hear that Mr. Spencer Walpole’s “*Life of Lord John Russell*” has got into a second edition. It is true that the first issue was a very small one, but that it should be exhausted is another proof of the Englishman’s insatiable appetite for political history. For, apart from the intrinsic interest of the events which it describes, there is little in Mr. Walpole’s work to attract the favourable regard of the general public. It is accurate, honest, and painstaking, but deficient in graphic power, and the narrative does not gain from the mode in which it is presented. The proper place for Mr. Walpole’s handiwork is the shelf on which we keep our books of reference—between “*Annals of our own Time*” and Palmer’s “*Index to the Times*.”

But, whatever Mr. Walpole’s literary deficiencies, a Liberal review ought to welcome with open arms a historian who comes to the Liberal party as a convert from Toryism. It was the attitude of Lord Beaconsfield’s Government towards the Eastern Question in 1875-6 which completed the process of Mr. Walpole’s conversion, and brought him over “bag and baggage” to the Liberals. He has meditated to good purpose on the rights of struggling nationalities, and he now has an opportunity of testing his theories while he administers the interesting autonomy of the Isle of Man.

Who was "Miss J.," whose correspondence with the Duke of Wellington was the most amusing book of the Christmas season? Was her true name Harris, and had she no existence outside the editor's imagination? For our own part, we are enthusiastic believers in Miss J.; though so far we have failed to identify her. Internal and external evidences alike forbid us to believe that she is a phantom. If the book is a hoax, it is a work of genius. The Duke's formal but vigorous style, his "saving common-sense," and his unconscious humour, are reproduced with startling exactness, and the references to current events are introduced with singular accuracy. But, above all, the style of Miss J.'s letters bespeaks reality. There is a tone of arrogant dictation, a calm cocksureness that the writer is right and everyone else wrong, and a frank impatience of the bare notion of contradiction or disagreement, which, mingled with much that was morally excellent, formed a distinguishing feature of the theological school to which Miss J. is represented as having belonged.

The letters were offered to the editor of the *Century*, and declined by him, not from any doubt of their genuineness, but because he conceived, erroneously, as we think, that their publication would be injurious to the Duke's reputation and distasteful to his family. It is rather curious that, simultaneously with the appearance of Miss J.'s correspondence, the *Century* was able to publish a selection of undoubtedly genuine letters from the Duke to a real and well-known Mrs. J.—the late Mrs. Jones of Pant-Glâs, South Wales, sister of Sir George Campbell, M.P. A Miss J. with whom the Duke was extremely intimate, and who was rashly assumed by some critics to be the Miss J. of the correspondence, was the Hon. Mary Ann Jervis, afterwards Mrs. Dyce Sombre, and now dowager Lady Forester.

The Bishop of Ripon's long-delayed Bampton Lectures have been received with general disappointment. They are eloquent, even perhaps too eloquent; but certainly not overweighted with thought or knowledge; and the view which they present of the relation of the soul to religion has been pronounced by an eminent critic to be "subjectivism gone mad."

The Stanleys of Alderley are a very clever family—perhaps as striking an instance as could be produced of an aristocratic type, unmixed, and yet not run to seed; and as "accessible to ideas" as Mr. Arnold himself could have wished them to be. One of the most gifted of this gifted race is Lady Carlisle, whose speech at Bampton on the 30th of December was briefly reported in one London paper. I have just been reading it in the *Carlisle Journal*, and it is truly a remarkable fusion

of political feeling—even passion—with literary charm. Lady Carlisle is, I believe, quite a novice in public speaking, and, judged by this sample of her powers, she should prove an invaluable recruit to the forces of militant Liberalism.

Sir Herbert Maxwell of Monreith is a welcome addition to our list of novelists. It appears that we have had him amongst us before, but, as he chose to be anonymous, we knew him not. But now, in his "Art of Love," he stands confessed a wide-acred baronet and "littery gent," not unworthy to rank with the immortal "Bulwig." Sir Herbert in his time plays many parts. He owns 16,000 acres in Wigtownshire, and represents that county in Parliament; is a Lord of the Treasury, and a pillar of the Irvingite Church; and hunts and shoots, and reads Italian, and cultivates the fine arts, and is the happy possessor of that exquisite masterpiece of Sir Joshua's skill, the portrait of "Jane, Duchess of Gordon," who was born Miss Maxwell of Monreith.

Sir Herbert writes in an agreeable, though perhaps a rather over-polished style, and his delineation of character and life and speech among the peasants of Galloway is excellently lifelike. X. Y. Z.

The Reform Club has lost two of its oldest and, at one time, most regular frequenters in the persons of Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Charles Mackay. Both of these gentlemen, to whose work in literature the Press has lately been doing justice, belonged to that band of literary men who in the days of Thackeray gave the Reform Club a character altogether distinct from that which it enjoys as a political institution. Both had attained a very advanced age. Charles Mackay, crippled, as the result, we believe, of an accident, had been missing from his favourite haunt, the beautiful library of the Reform, for at least a couple of years before his death; but William Gilbert frequented it to the last, and was seen occupying his usual seat in the smoking-room—a taciturn and somewhat forbidding figure on the exterior, but with a warm heart and true sympathy with poverty and suffering—only a few days before his regretted death.

Sir Charles Dilke's new book on "Problems of Greater Britain," which will be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. within a few weeks, is in no sense a new edition of his well-known "Greater Britain." That was a record of travel, which, though still in demand, is necessarily in some points antiquated. Not seeing his way to incorporate new facts, or correct old statements in such a way as to produce a satisfactory result, Sir Charles Dilke thought it best to produce an entirely new book upon the same subjects as those treated in the original work, but dealt with from the point of view of political and social observation and comparison rather than from that of descriptive sight-seeing. The forthcoming book, therefore, is not a book of travel, but a treatise on the present position of

Greater Britain, in which special attention has been given to the relations of the English-speaking countries with one another, and to the comparative politics of the countries under British government. The utmost pains have been taken to obtain the latest information upon the many important problems discussed, and the importance of the book, not only to those who are directly concerned with Colonial matters, but to all Englishmen who wish to form an intelligent conception of that "Greater Britain" which is a source at once of so much pride and so much responsibility, can hardly be exaggerated. The work will be in two volumes, of which the first will deal with North America, Australasia, and South Africa, the second with India and the Crown Colonies.

That Mr. George Meredith's novels are growing in popularity may be gathered from the fact that there are two rival commentators in the field. One volume of essays is promised by Mr. Sidney Colvin and the other by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne. Mr. Le Gallienne's book, which will be published by Mr. Elkin Mathews, of Vigo Street, will contain a bibliography.

For the first time in their joint career a volume of Mr. Browning's poetry appears to have out-distanced in circulation one by Lord Tennyson. "Asolando" is already in a sixth edition, and the demand for it shows no signs of abating. The new-born zeal is not, however, all according to knowledge. A gentleman went into the shop of one of the largest of London booksellers the other day, and asked for Browning's "Bells and Pomegranates." Alas! for the credit of the modern book-trade, after half-an-hour of search he was told that it was "out of print."

The latest addition to the literature of Socialism is entitled "Fabian Essays," and is a collection of papers read before the Fabian Society. This handsomely bound and well-printed volume had considerable difficulty in coming to birth, owing to the difficulty of the Fabians in finding a "fair" house to print it.

Those who agree with Emerson and Buckle that a busy man does well to read translations, however extensive his familiarity with other tongues, will welcome the new "Library of Foreign Authors," which Mr. David Stott is preparing for immediate publication. It will include translations from the classic writers of most European countries. Mr. Oscar Wilde, for example, will edit Richter. The first volumes of the series will be Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," with an Introduction by Professor Edward Dowden.

One of the most important books to appear in Mr. Stott's new Library is Rousseau's "Confessions," of which, strange to say, only one translation is at present in circulation in this country. The existing translation, which is both inaccurate and ungrammatical, was made in 1790.

The publication of the posthumous work of the late Crown-Prince of Austria, to be issued under the title of "Die österreichische Monarchie

in Wort und Bild," is expected to be proceeded with more rapidly at the expiration of the year's family mourning. The Dowager Crown-Princess Stephanie, who has just placed at the disposal of the editors two large drawings representing Dalmatian scenery, and made by herself, is said to have promised to attend in person, after the present month, a meeting of the committee charged with the execution of the work.

The Germans being in the habit of recording religiously all the incidents in Goethe's life, some German papers now call attention to a letter dated 1831, in which a lady artist, whose atelier he visited after a severe illness, declares that to judge from the account given by his servant, he must have suffered from influenza, which was then raging in Germany.

REVIEWS.

A UNIONIST ON HOME RULE.

IRISH POLITICS. By Thomas Raleigh, M.A. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

MR. RALEIGH is a strong Unionist, and in that character he suffered a memorable defeat in a recent bye-election for West Edinburgh. Yet, Unionist as he is, his little book has been publicly praised for its cleverness both by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley. It does in fact raise most of the principal points of the Irish controversy, and puts them tersely, lucidly, and in such a way as to strike into the mind of the reader. It hardly professes to indicate a way out of the practical difficulties, but it tells partisans on both sides what kind of propositions it is that they have to meet, and where it is that their opponent has most to say for himself. The author regards the maxims and the processes of party politics in a positive and business-like view, almost to the point of cynicism; he underestimates the share of real conviction, rational enthusiasm, and coherent principle that at once underlies and guides those party movements which to the over-fastidious observer represent little but cant, claptrap, selfish calculation and organised duplicity. Still we can well afford to put up with a little intellectual superciliousness of this kind for the sake of clear perceptions in an obscure and intricate field. The platform will continue to be the main arena, but the platform sets its own limitations on its own art. The orator must necessarily practise large and general treatment, and subordinate real discussion going to the roots of the matter to the sort of discussion that will most powerfully affect the sentiment and the opinion of his audience. This great organ of public instruction needs to be incessantly supplemented by debate at closer quarters, and to such a supplement we willingly admit that Mr. Raleigh has made a very handy contribution. He neither says everything, nor discerns everything that is to be said, but his controversial temper is excellent. It is no small comfort to get a Unionist to admit that the issue now at stake is one on which "two men equally wise, equally good, equally loyal to Ireland and the Empire may take different

sides." If Mr. Raleigh could persuade Mr. Goschen, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, and the rest to talk in this strain, we would be all the nearer to the chance of a settlement.

The chapter on Irish Government puts the case with a fairness that leaves little to complain of. The Unionists have a right to quote Lord Spencer's testimony to the diligence and general good intentions of the Civil servants in Dublin Castle, though in one or two cases long habit has disqualified them from seeing things as they are, and from treating Nationalists justly; and these men will no doubt be told by the next Liberal Secretary either to mend their ways or to go. It is probable, too, that Mr. Raleigh is right in his prediction that, if Mr. Parnell were at the head of Irish affairs, government would be even more strongly centralised than it is at present; or, in better words, that the central government would be both more active and more effective. As to the resident magistrates, our Unionist critic virtually gives away the case, for he admits that they are too frequently without the training necessary to fit them for difficult judicial work. But Mr. Raleigh puts his finger on the root of the mischief when he says that "the weakness of our administration lies not in the nature of the executive machinery, but in the political relations between the chiefs of the executive and the mass of the people." It is odd that he does not push on to the inevitable inference, that our administration must always be too weak either for the health of Ireland or the comfort of Britain, until some ample form of autonomy has given to "the mass of the people" a voice in naming and controlling the executive, such as it has in England. What other way is there? He agrees that the British supporters of Home Rule have hold of an important truth when they declared it to be necessary, after the Irish elections in 1885, "to come to some understanding with the Irish people." Then how would Mr. Raleigh propose that we should act in "this important truth?" He does not tell us.

On the vital question of the land Mr. Raleigh is less apt than on any other branch of his subject. He makes, as usual, a number of shrewd and clear-sighted remarks, but they show no grasp, and they come to nothing. For instance, as to the valuation of tenants' improvements, we are told that a friendly conference of landlords and tenants could arrive at an understanding sufficiently clear for practical purposes, and the author knows of "no reason to prevent the meeting of such a conference except the unfortunate habit which both parties have acquired of trusting to political middlemen." This unfortunate habit is the direct result of an alien Government, in which the landlords have always found their friend, and the tenants, even down to the Relief Act of 1887, their active or passive enemy; and Home Rule means, among other things, a standing and systematic form of that very conference which Mr. Raleigh desires. In default of conferences between landlords and tenants he looks to internal migration, greater variety of industries (how to be got?), technical instruction, and a simpler law of bankruptcy. Terribly barren talk, and terribly wide of the mark. The actual questions to be answered are very different: Will abolition of dual ownership without a new political system do any good? Is sale to be universally compulsory? If not, the turbulent tenant

will drive his landlord to sell, and will get a thirty per cent. reduction, while the peaceful tenant suits his landlord perfectly well, and will get no reduction. Is British cash or a British guarantee to be resorted to? If not, how are you to get the money cheap enough to give the purchaser easy terms? If the British Exchequer is to run risks, will the risks be less or greater if there be an Irish National Government, with a solid interest in having the tenant's bargain kept, instead of a united National Opposition with a solid interest in having it broken? To all these questions Mr. Raleigh has cursorily given the go-by, and they are the only questions worth discussing.

The chapter on Imperial Federation, though not exactly out of place, is not very directly connected with the immediate topic of the little book; and in fact Imperial Federation may well be considered to have receded into dim distance since Lord Rosebery's declaration that it only means the very sensible device of occasional Colonial conferences. The chapter on Federal Home Rule is much more useful. Here Mr. Raleigh shows what it is precisely that politicians are undertaking when they commit themselves to the federal principle in that process of constitutional reform to which it may or may not prove that the Irish case has given an impulse. Mr. Raleigh brings Federalists to their bearings. But we entirely dissent from his proposition that the Home Rule party stands committed to the federalisation of the United Kingdom. Federalisation occurs when a number of states divest themselves of certain powers, and confer them upon a body created for their exercise. In our case the process is exactly reversed. Parliament, while divesting itself of no powers whatever, is asked to devolve certain of them upon an Irish statutory body; and if a case should ripen and be fully made out elsewhere, to devolve either the same or quite different powers on a statutory body elsewhere. For such a method of proceeding Federation is a complete misnomer, and it is a pity that Mr. Raleigh did not see this, and shape his argument accordingly. However, we agree with him that one cause of the success of the Canadian Constitution was "the thoroughness of the preliminary discussion"; and in this view the purchaser of his little book will certainly get more light for his shilling than the Edinburgh banqueters got for three guineas.

LADY DUFFERIN'S JOURNAL.

OUR VICEREGAL LIFE IN INDIA. By the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. London: John Murray.

LADY DUFFERIN spent four years in India at the head of Anglo-Indian society, and at the central point of affairs. She witnessed some remarkable political events, such as the meeting between the Viceroy and the Ameer of Afghanistan, and the acquisition of Upper Burmah. She travelled through all the great Provinces of the Empire, from the Indus to the Irrawaddy. She visited their principal cities, their palaces and sanctuaries; their schools and hospitals; she was shown everything worth seeing, and spoke with everyone worth knowing. She possesses the art of reproducing the vivid impressions left upon her by the country and its people; and her book illustrates one aspect of Viceroyal life by a series of pictures full of colour and

animation, in which places and persons, courts and camps; the incidents and vicissitudes of journeys and semi-royal processions, pass rapidly and brilliantly like the slides of a magic-lantern. She says little, except by occasional allusions, of politics, or of her own charitable and benevolent exertions; so that of those who read her accounts of great assemblies, bustling camps, banquets, balls, military reviews, receptions of princes, and all the functions and festivities at which a Viceroy and his wife necessarily preside, few English readers will realise the quantity of important, earnest, and successful work that went on under all this display.

In India multiplicity of race and creed has maintained a variety of type and costume rarely seen in other Asiatic countries; and nowhere does an Indian crowd present a more curious or variegated spectacle than in Bombay, which is a great seaport frequented by a concourse of traders and travellers. Lady Dufferin's description of their arrival at the Western Gate of India is excellent. On landing they drove five miles through a city whose streets, windows, and balconies—not to mention trees and carriages—were filled and loaded with gazers and welcomers of every class and colour; gorgeous apparel at one window, primitive nudity and a nose-ring at the other; here a rainbow dress, and there rags—all the contrasts produced by the mingled splendour and simplicity of a people that has not yet been persuaded to put on the monotonous uniform of modern civilisation. A similar confusion pervades manners and institutions, and is faithfully reflected in the journal. State balls alternate with native nautes; mission schools with "a curious Brahmin ceremonial," where the Viceregal party are crowned with flowers, and garlands are worn over frock coats; public drawing-rooms for English ladies, and private visits to veiled princesses. From the beginning to the end of the book we trace this commixture of antique usage with modern etiquette; of high European education with prehistoric Brahmanism; this clashing of the old with the new order of things that gives such savour to life in India at the present day. In the department of ideas the climax of this medley was probably reached when Lady Dufferin, having consented to preside at the prize-giving in a native girls' school, found herself sitting "literally in the seat of the gods," who had been temporarily moved to make a suitable place for Her Excellency. Upon this unprecedented promotion Lady Dufferin notes, somewhat dubiously, her opinion that "gods, so long as they are objects of faith, should be disturbed for no one." But in India one does not always stand on ceremony with the minor deities, and it is quite a possible explanation that for the moment divine honours may have been seriously accorded to the unconscious English lady, the embodiment of supreme power and patronage.

After a brief sojourn in Calcutta, the transition from its moist atmosphere, its tropical verdure, its schools, and its swarm of pulpy bareheaded Bengalees, to a camp in the bare plains of the far North-West, to the Sikhs, Afghans, and the Kabul Amir, must have been sharp and striking. In March, 1885, the Viceroy assembled a large military force at Rawalpindi to meet Abdurrahman Khan, who brought his private executioner, and was attended at dinner by a

favourite servant, smoking cigarettes behind his master's chair. The rain fell in torrents, swamping the tents, soaking the uniforms, and turning the encampment into a shallow bog. In the midst of the banqueting came news of the Russian attack on the Afghan troops at Penjdeh; and rumours of war ran through the camp like taps on a muffled drum. There was an evening party at which the Amir and the chiefs of the Punjab were present; the tent, large and lofty as a great hall, sparkled with steel and diamonds, and was resplendent with lofty turbans, ladies' dresses, and innumerable uniforms, while outside a frantic sword-dance ("one hundred swords flourished at once") of the wild frontier men went on round a huge bonfire. Female education, the march of the native mind, the enfranchisement of Indian widows, and all other such notes of advanced political thought, subside and vanish before speculation on the chances of war with Russia and the prospect of a march to Herat. But of State secrets and political episodes Lady Dufferin makes no mention; the Amir returns rather hastily to his kingdom; the camp breaks up; Lady Dufferin floats down the Indus, returns to Lahore, compares the flowing robes of the Sikh chiefs with the short coat and patent leather shoes of young India; and in due time finds herself settled at Simla in the Himalayas.

The summer passes with the usual alternations of work and play; and here Lady Dufferin found time to shape out her scheme of a National Association for Medical Aid to Indian Women, by which her name will long be commemorated. In October they start again on their travels; the Viceroy finds a moment between breakfast and departure to sign his declaration of war with Burmah, and sets off, with the satisfaction of having overlooked nothing material, on his tour through Rajputana and Central India. Here is another turn of the Indian kaleidoscope. "The country belongs to independent native chiefs of high degree; the feudal castles, the lakes, the barbaric clash of arms and quaint music; the antique dresses and fashions of the Rajput families—all attest the survival of an early society that has elsewhere passed away. There is a good description of the scenery and the pageants at Udaipur, the capital of the prince whose lineage is purest among Rajput clans; and although Lady Dufferin says that she always feels her pen fail utterly when she has to describe an Indian crowd, she nevertheless manages to give us a very real and lively picture of it. The famous story of the Udaipur princess who was poisoned to end the strife between two rival suitors, is told as if it were an ancient legend, though the thing was done in the nineteenth century. So rapid are the superficial changes in India under English rule that recent history seems mythical; and to the rising generation of natives who read Herbert Spencer the ethics of their grandfathers are most extraordinary and barely credible. They have been so abruptly hoisted up on to their elevated platform of security and enlightenment, that the continuity of ascent has been lost; there is now a tendency to kick down the ladder, and to denounce the inferior morality of the much-enduring Englishman.

Without a map, or a good local knowledge of India, it is difficult to follow Lady Dufferin's long flights over the country. Palaces, tombs, illuminated cities, towers

and walled gardens, flash by as if seen in a railway journey through fairyland. At Gwalior the Viceroy presents Maharajah Sindia with his own fortress, which had been garrisoned by the English since the great Mutiny. Agra showed them the perfection of Indian architecture, and Lucknow its latest stage of decadence; and everywhere Lady Dufferin, intent on benevolent thoughts for Indian womankind, inspects schools, zenanas, and hospitals, interchanging visits with ladies of quality, with queen-mothers, queen-consorts, with the Begum of Bhopal, a reigning princess, and with Nepalese ladies who are princesses in exile. By this time Burmah has been conquered, the king dethroned, his army disbanded; Queen Victoria's congratulations have come by telegram; the morning breakfast-table is enlivened by the production of these and other interesting news and messages. Lady Dufferin proceeds with her husband to take formal possession of the new Province; and she gives a pleasant sketch of an afternoon party at Mandalay for Burmese ladies, who came all swathed in lovely colours and soft silks, diamond and pearl necklaces, flowers in their hair, and wonderful earrings. Here at last is an Asiatic country where female seclusion is unknown; and since Burmese women have nothing to learn from Europeans in dress, manners, or housekeeping, the Indian reformers may point to a bright example of liberty among Oriental ladies, and need only be troubled by a slight misgiving as to the effects of European education.

Between Burmah and Biluchistan lies the utmost breadth of our Indian empire; nevertheless next year Lady Dufferin is at Quetta, on the high wind-swept table-land that marches with South Afghanistan; and the Viceroy riding up the pass over the Kojuk hills surveys, as from Pisgah, the lands around Kandahar, into which one of his successors may before long make fateful entry. Returning down the Bolan Pass to India they turn northward to explore the Khyber defile, guarded by a militia of the frontier tribes, born robbers and cut-throats, whose bayonets flash as they salute from the hill-tops. Thence again to Calcutta garden-parties, benevolent institutions, zenana missions, legislative councils, and all the apparatus of a well-ordered progressive society. The incessant changes of climate and political problems must have produced something of a strain upon the mind as well as the body; although undoubtedly the air of the Khyber acts as a healthy corrective upon the somewhat relaxing influence of Bengal, and Lord Dufferin was quite capable of explaining alike to Baboos and Afghan mountaineers so much of the principles of the British Constitution as might be good for them respectively.

We must reluctantly abandon any further attempt to follow the thread of Lady Dufferin's peregrinations through the dominions which were for four years so ably administered by her husband. Of her own part she says very little, though it was by no means immaterial; but we can gather from her book that she was unwearied in her exertions for the mental and physical improvement of the condition of Indian women. She went to see schools among the paddy-fields of Bengal, and was delighted with a clean, picturesque-looking native village, of which the only dirty feature was the water-tank. Tibet affairs find occasional mention in her diary. They

reveal one motive for the visit to Darjeeling, on the Sikkim border, where the little war enables Lord Dufferin to account to himself satisfactorily for his last year in office; and where Lady Dufferin observes that the railway porters are women, and that a virtuous Lepcha girl will cut off her own hair to make a good pigtail for the man she is to marry. She floated down the Ganges upon two ox-hides sewn into great air-bags—an expedient formerly much in vogue upon the Indus, where the Afghan brigand, returning homeward with the kidnapped usurer of the plains, would make a safe crossing by sewing up his captive inside. She was invested with the Order of the Sun by the Shah of Persia's representative; and she devoted her spare time indefatigably to orphanages, hospitals, leper asylums, and charity concerts, beside dispensing much kindly hospitality. Then came the last tour, the final departures from familiar residences, and the valedictory addresses. The ladies of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, sent to the Marchioness of Dufferin an address—the first of the kind ever presented in India—to assure her that her efforts on behalf of Indian women were heartily appreciated, and would be long remembered. On the 5th December, 1888, she made her last public appearance at the laying of the foundation stone of the Lady Dufferin's Zenana Hospital at Calcutta. She made a final inspection of a few homes and hospitals, and on the 8th Lord Dufferin's Viceroyalty came to an end. With their last day in India, a week later, closes Lady Dufferin's published journal—a very pleasing and picturesque record of years well employed in the graceful discharge of high duties; a narrative in which remarkable scenes and important events are touched with so light a hand that the reader may too easily forget the cares and anxieties, the overhanging load of responsibility, which beset the course of every Indian Viceroyalty.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

OLD COUNTRY LIFE. By S. Baring Gould, M.A., Author of "Mehalah," "John Herring," &c. With Illustrations by W. Parkinson, F. D. Bedford, and F. Masey. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

MR. BARING GOULD in this interesting volume brings back that old country life over whose extinction he mourns. Not that country life ever was quite such as he in his imaginative memory loves to paint it. The past, like the mountain-tops, has an after-glow which was never to be seen in the full blaze of day. In the morning of life, when we feel in us that never-failing spring of youth which makes the whole world so pleasant, and that insatiable curiosity which makes it so interesting, we trouble ourselves but little with the past or the future. "The wild joys of life, the mere living," are sufficient for us, and too well employ "the heart and the soul and the senses" for us to have time for regrets or forebodings. In hopes and aspirations alone do we indulge, and only in such as are to be speedily realised. But the spring at last begins to fail, and then we turn our thoughts backwards on a Golden Age that has vanished for ever, or forwards on one which is still below the horizon, but is shooting up, we hope, in our darkening sky faint rays of a coming glory. However fanciful may be the pictures that are drawn by our authors of the once happy

past, yet they are not without their use if we are wise enough to profit by them. In our stupidity, in the foolish caprices of fashion, in the restless love of change, in the hurry after material wealth, in the pursuit of ostentation and show, we have thrown away and are throwing away much of that quiet beautiful life which was known to our forefathers. He who can force us to reflect on what we are giving up, and to strike the balance between our gains and our losses, is surely a friend not to be neglected. It may be, if we are wise, that we can keep all that we have gained and yet not part with much that we have been content to let go by. The ravages worked by mere fashion are almost incredible. Who can believe that little more than a hundred years ago the owners of country mansions were improving their landscapes by cutting down the grand old avenues which had seen the silent flight of two or three centuries? It was at that time that Cowper, in his "Task," thanked the owner of Weston Underwood, who spared him yet

"Those chestnuts ranged in corresponding lines,
And, though himself so polished, still relieves
The obsolete prolixity of shade."

Mr. Baring Gould mourns over the innovators of a yet earlier date than those whom Cowper attacked. It was so far back as the seventeenth century that the worst blow was struck. "We are too ready," he writes, "to regard our forefathers as fools, but they knew a thing or two; they were well aware that in England, if we want flowers to blow early and freely, they must be sheltered. It was not till the reign of Charles II. that the fancy came on English people to do away with nooks and corners, and to build oblong blocks of houses without projections anywhere." Surely no better form of a house can be devised than that which, facing the south or the south-west, has an arm running out southwards from the eastern end, so as to form a warm nook where the old and sick can find shelter and air. Where the flowers thrive they thrive too, or if they did not thrive, at all events they felt all the comfort that sunshine and shelter can give. With the new style of house the pleasant old walled-in garden began to disappear. A vista was everything; "but what," asks Mr. Gould, "could have been a sweeter prospect from a hall or parlour window than an enclosed garden full of flowers, with bees humming, butterflies flitting, and fruit-trees ripening their burdens against old red-brick enclosing walls tinted gorgeously with lichens?" What, indeed? The picture that our author raises before us is able for a moment to overcome the fogs and gloom of a January day. Happily there are still left, if not mansions, at all events parsonages and quiet country houses "unmuffled of their enclosing walls and hedges." Mr. Gould delights in the wide low window, through which the sun pours into a low room, and floods it with its warmth and light. In "the blessedness of such a window" in such a room does he rejoice in his own home. "If we would but revert to this Elizabethan window we would find," he assures us, "a singular improvement in our health and spirits." We have no doubt of it. The sunshine of the breast comes as much from without as from within, and is marvellously darkened by the stupidity of fashion, architects and builders.

We sympathise to the full with our author in his regrets over the loss of "the

old highly polished mahogany table for dessert." If good wine needs no bush, neither does it need a small conservatory through which to circulate. "A cow is a very good animal in the field, but we turn her out of a garden." In like manner we would willingly turn the greenhouse out of our dining-rooms, or at all events off the table. We have always suspected that these floricultural decorations were first introduced by a hostess who knew that her husband gave bad wine. She hoped that they would distract the attention of her guests from the poor liquor which they were drinking. They seem to us to indicate the high-water mark to which the flood of human stupidity has risen. At the dinner-table, where once talk flowed so easily and pleasantly, now solid barriers of ferns and flowers, and even of shrubs, have been set up to cut off those who sit on one side from those who sit on the other. The luckless guest is condemned for two or three long hours to all the dreariness that can be inflicted on him by a gushing maiden lady on his left, or a formal matron on his right. What a relief there was in those good old days in the talk across the narrow table, that was a table and not a broad-backed flower-stand! What pleasure at the sight of the honest old mahogany, as the dazzling white cloth of which the eye had been long weary was stripped off! On its polished surface the bottles could indeed be pushed about. It is only in the college common rooms that this pleasant scene remains, and even their sanctity has been invaded in the private dinners given by ambitious young Fellows. Let them take warning from the words of the famous Oxford antiquary, Tom Hearne, who when he found that there were no fritters on Shrove Tuesday, wrote down in his Diary:—"When laudable customs alter, 's a sign learning dwindles." With the polished table has vanished, too, "the quiet enjoyable drinking of good port and sherry after the retirement of the ladies." The cigarette that is at once lighted poisons Mr. Gould's port; and even if he could enjoy it, within a quarter of an hour the tray of coffee "is dug into one's side as a reminder that we must away into the drawing-room to talk empty nothingness and listen to bad music." There might, in such a world of misery, be some consolation in the thoughts of deliverance from it by death; but then architects now-a-days build staircases so narrow and steep that one's coffin "cannot be conveyed down them with convenience or dignity."

There is comfort to be found in the reflection that if we are much worse off than our forefathers in the days of Elizabeth and the first two Stuarts, we still have the advantage of those who lived before the Tudors. Their bed-room accommodation was uncommonly limited. In Upcott Hall, for instance, which Mr. Gould describes, there were two bedchambers at most: one for the squire and his wife, and the other for the unmarried ladies of the family, the maid-servants, and the babies. "The men, whether gentle or serving, slept in the hall about the fire, on the straw, and fern, and broom that littered the pavement." When things began to improve, and more bed-rooms were added, yet they could only be reached by passing through the squire's room, the males all going to one side and the females to the other. "This arrangement," adds our author, "still subsists in our old-fashioned farmhouses." He is speaking chiefly of the West of England.

Dancing has gone along the same dreary road as the other good things. "No one," Steele declared, "ever was a good dancer that had not a good understanding." But "the beautiful and graceful dance which he praised—the dance as a fine art—is extinct among us." The old country-dance, the glory of England, has become a thing of the past. In its place, with all its variety "of graceful movements and figures performed by a set number of persons," which gave delight not only to the performers, but to the spectators also, we have "the spinning around of two persons of opposite sex hugging each other, and imitating the motion of a teetotum. The waltz has been like the Norwegian rat—it has driven the native out altogether; and the native dance and the native rat were the more beautiful of the two." The old ballads and the old ballad-singers have disappeared too. It is thirty years since a once famous broadside house in the west ceased to publish their sheet-ballads. They found no purchasers. Their place is taken "by coarse, vulgar music-hall buffoonery." Mr. Gould has been just, and only just, in time to save from that everlasting forgetfulness into which they were rapidly slipping some remains of the old songs and the old tunes in which generations of Englishmen had delighted. Clergyman though he is, he mourns over the change which for the old harvest-homes, —those festive gatherings where the old singers were so welcome—has substituted "the harvest-festivals, tea and cake at sixpence a head in the school-room, and a choral service and a sermon in the church." In the midst of all his regrets he has a pretty thought about the spirits of ancestors who are said to haunt the old mansions. "We think," he says, "that possibly these ancient ghosts may reappear to acquaint themselves how we are getting on, but it never occurs to us to visit them, and walk in spirit their desolate region, and cheer them with a kindly expression and a word of good-will." Surely in our author's old house the perturbed spirits must have found rest in the grateful heart of their descendant.

While he does full justice to them, we must not allow him to be unjust to the memory of Horace Walpole. He accuses him of hating the country, and bases the charge on a passage in a letter written in his early manhood. This passage, moreover, he does not seem to us to correctly apply. Though Strawberry Hill was not wild country, still less a century and a half ago was it town; and in Strawberry Hill how greatly did Walpole delight. Soon after he had bought it he tells his correspondent that "planting, and fowls and cows and sheep, are my whole business." Thirty years later he wrote:—"I have been in town but one single night this age, as I could not bear to throw away this phoenix June. It has rained a good deal this morning, but only made it more delightful. The flowers are all Arabian." His "spring delights were lilacs, apple-trees in bloom, and nightingales." When he visited the old home of his forefathers at Houghton, and saw it in neglect, he utters a sad complaint:—"Those groves, those *allées*, where I have passed so many charming moments, are now stripped up or overgrown—many fond paths I could not unravel, though with a very exact clew in my memory." He loved society, it is true, and the society that he loved he could only find in the neighbourhood of London. But in

the summer months he loved his flowers and shrubs and trees so well, that surely Mr. Gould must have a friendly feeling for him. Our love of accuracy also is shocked when we find a dandy of Charles II.'s days described as wearing "a beautiful Steenkirk in or about 1672." It was not till the year 1692 that the famous battle of Steinkirk was fought which brought into fashion these "kerchiefs of the finest lace studiously disarranged." In a somewhat dull story of a Devonshire squire our author falls into a still stranger blunder. He makes a Brigadier Grym who was born in 1699 seek a wife for his only son in the year 1794. There were tough old squires, no doubt, in the good old days, but even on Dartmoor they did not wait till they were ninety-five before they married their son and heir. We should have liked the book all the better had this story and one or two of the same kind been omitted. The illustrations, which are numerous, are unequal in execution and interest. Many of them are very good, but there are some which are not worthy of so pretty a volume.

A MODERN THRASYMACHUS.

INDIVIDUALISM: A SYSTEM OF POLITICS. By Wordsworth Donisthorpe, barrister-at-law. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

THIS book impresses the critic, first with the vigour with which Mr. Donisthorpe enunciates propositions probably offensive to most of his readers; next, with the extent and inaccuracy of his learning. We can only give a few compressed samples. The earliest State consisted "of a mother and her offspring." Its successor, the patriarchal family, expanded into a gens or curia. The Roman comitia curiata—the name is apparently derived from *Kurios*—is compared with the Athenian ecclesia. The Athenian Boulè was a Council of Elders, "veritable fogies;" the Amphictyons were a Federal Council, concerned also with the worship of a common ancestor; the Roman Empire was "a new federation" (pp. 2–10). The Privy Council was created by Parliament as a check on itself (p. 47). English lay impropiators of tithe, like Zemindars, have appropriated the tax of which they were originally mere collectors (p. 120). *Naturrecht* is "the law which as a fact obtains" (p. 284), and Fichte's "Destiny of Man" is a fatalistic work (p. 391). Despite references to Sir Henry Maine, the modern "individual" is imported into ancient society (e.g., pp. 5, 288); and despite criticism of Mr. Herbert Spencer, we find no reference to "Social Statics." Nor are the economics much better. Capital is re-defined so as to include cultivated land and labourers, and its total net annual return is confused with the rate of interest and reckoned at three per cent. (p. 167). And we find no trace of an acquaintance with Jevons' doctrine of Final Utility, nor with Cairnes' doctrine of non-competing groups (cp., e.g., p. 156), nor any consciousness that the distinction between mere capitalist and employer of labour has been anticipated by Professor Walker. This is hardly the way to prepare for "inductive nomology" (p. 291), still less for "vigorous polemic" (p. vii.). We also note a distinct repudiation of all moral theories except egoistic hedonism (p. 276), such novelties in English as "promulged" (p. 254), the "wieldiness of an Empire" (p. 9), and "antedeluvian" (p. 117), some rather feeble personalities (p. 173), and ex-

curuses on Home Rule, Democracy, and the Land Laws, which are even beneath the average fatuity. Mr. Donisthorpe's style, too, can only be described as torrential; and his capacity for the use (and abuse) of scientific terms would make the fortune of a popular writer on the relations of science and religion. The preface tells us that the bulk of chapters viii., ix., x., has been in print before; but a little research shows that chapter iii. appeared in 1884, much of chapter vii. in 1880, and almost all chapter v. in 1876. Had all these been remodelled the work might have been improved—at any rate the drift would have been clearer. Chapter xii., again—a criticism of Mr. Auberon Herbert's position—is wholly unintelligible without special reference to the work criticised. How can the ordinary reader be expected to remember exactly which functions of Government Mr. Herbert puts in "Class F," and why?

When we at length have separated Mr. Donisthorpe's theory from his erudition, it is familiar enough. All this rubbish about comitia and Amphictyons, Hobbes' method (p. 272), and *res mancipi* (p. 5) is purely ornamental. Professor Freeman has somewhere mentioned a historian of Rome who thought *plebs* was the plural of a singular *pleb*, and yet understood the relation of patriciate and plebs better than many Latin scholars. We can remember no writer on politics or economics above whom we could conscientiously place Mr. Donisthorpe; but he does occasionally exhibit common sense—working, however, on wholly inadequate data—and produces theory, which is not "inductive nomology," but deduction from certain assumptions familiar to readers of the first and second books of Plato's "Republic," and of Hobbes' "Leviathan." Briefly his results are as follows:—

A modern State is an aggregation of individuals, differing in physical and mental power and in strength of will, but all knowing and aiming at their own interest. "Might is right" (pp. 390 and 263), and no action is morally justified which does not conduce to the welfare of the agent. Justice (the connotation of the term is still unknown—p. 287) arises in the primitive family by compromise. Intending combatants balance possible gains and losses, and come to terms. It has also another factor: the patriarch, from sympathy with weakness, steps in and modifies the compromise (p. 280). We gather that such of these conventions persist as tend to further the general welfare. Government (a transitory institution, but still necessary—p. 282), carries on this action of the patriarch. Its functions are to be found by "inductive nomology"—that is, by collecting those principles of legislation common to all societies (cf. p. 304). Mr. Donisthorpe's contribution to this task consists of certain statements—usually given without properly citing authorities—as to the observed futility of Government interference in certain cases, and of the general statement (p. 300) that we must fall in with the tendency of the time towards dispensing with it altogether. And the qualifications of the ideal anarchy (e.g., p. 303) seem to leave us pretty much where we are. "Fools are made to be bled," and democracy is the best government, because in it the strongest must come uppermost (c. viii.) (What would Sir Henry Maine say to this?) In the economic sphere, "wagedom"—which Mr. Donisthorpe hates like any Socialist—is to give place, apparently, to

labour capitalisation, which, despite Mr. Donisthorpe's denial, is virtually productive co-operation (pp. 236, 237). Now, Mr. Donisthorpe sees that productive co-operation has not hitherto been a brilliant success; and the study of his own statements as to the weaknesses of democracy should suggest to him that an association in which every member felt it his right and his duty to give effect to his opinion on the management could hardly do well in any trade where the elements of risk and enterprise are important. Professor Walker has brought this out, but Mr. Donisthorpe does not seem to know it. Workmen in all trades are to work in eight-hour shifts, and take their Sabbath in turns (p. 184)—a cheerful prospect.

Still, in the scarcity of books on the subject, even a bad one has its uses, if only as a statement of the untenable. When the members of an early society are treated as competing, self-regarding individuals, the reader is at least reminded that the truth, according to current anthropology, is exactly the reverse—that the tribal self is prior to the individual, and altruism to egoism. When democracy is treated as the rule of Hodge (p. 40), the answer is suggested that the best justification of modern democracy is that it is nothing of the kind. Conflicting interests, local feeling, variety of education and employment, act as a natural system of checks and balances, and secure variety of opinion and discussion. And the ignorance of voters, whether educated or not, at least makes it necessary to thresh out the greater questions thoroughly in the process of putting the arguments on each side concisely, a process which educates the politicians if not the whole electorate; while the voters of weaker will (the remark that majorities are not necessarily stronger than minorities is the best thing in the book) who do not care to understand, tend to keep out of politics, except perhaps under the "Referendum." Then the chapter on State functions, and the remarks on local government in chapter i., suggest this answer: Existing governments have three kinds of function—directly protective; indirectly protective, such as education and sanitary precautions; and economic, such as the maintenance of currency, the carriage of letters, the supply of roads, gas, water, libraries, and the like. These last are purely optional, and involve very little compulsion. The question here—a very proper one for Mr. Donisthorpe's induction—is simply, By which arrangement is the work best done? Which is least bad, the controllable monopoly of the State or municipality, or the uncontrolled monopoly of three or four great companies? And why should people, who wish to combine to secure these things, have several boards of management if one will do? (cf. p. 23). Such boards are not to be all composed of experts. Why should not the State or the municipality be coincident with one of these voluntary associations? Even on comparison of chapter i. with chapter ix. we fail to gather Mr. Donisthorpe's exact view. But all this, apart from the deduction which he repudiates, is simply a question for experience.

There is a sort of philosopher well known in railway carriages and other places where travellers involuntarily associate. His talk is continuous and loud; he is frequently offensive in matter, sometimes in manner; his drift is not always clear, though he seldom departs from commonplace, save when he imparts general information which

is almost invariably false. The reader of this book is frequently sensible of his presence.

DIDACTIC HUMOURISTS.

1. SYLVIE AND BRUNO. By Lewis Carroll. London: Macmillan and Co. 1889.

2. A YANKEE AT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR. By Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens). London: Chatto and Windus. 1889.

MR. LEWIS CARROLL'S new book commences with a long and interesting preface. The book is not, he says, written for money—the price is stated on the title-page to be "Three Half-Crowns," but perhaps seven separate shillings and one sixpence would be accepted—nor is it written for fame. It is to amuse the children; and it is to do more than that. It is intended to suggest to them, and to others, thoughts "not wholly out of harmony with the graver cadences of life." It is true, as the author points out, that grave thoughts will break in upon our gaiety; and the converse of his axiom is equally true, yet few preachers encourage the practice of laughing in church. Of course the question is not whether grave and gay, religious and humorous, mix themselves in our minds. We ask rather if it is advisable to print and publish the mixture. The answer is obvious: that it depends very much upon the skill with which the mixture is made. In this case it is composed of many ingredients. The author is writing for children, but he does not forget those others. So he adds to the "acceptable nonsense for children"—and very acceptable nonsense some of it is—a love-story of the most fatuous sentimentality, which, we suppose, is for the adult. Next we have such scraps of conversation as the following:—

"I mean, if we consider thoughts as factors, may we not say that the least common multiple of all the minds contains that of all the books; but not the other way?"

"Certainly we may!" I replied, delighted with the illustration. Now we can understand why Mr. Lewis Carroll was delighted with the illustration; but neither the child nor the ordinary adult will go wild with joy over it. Perhaps it is intended for that which is not child, neither is altogether adult; which lives at Oxford, is sometimes addicted to mathematics, and is called an undergraduate. But the book is not merely a mixture of acceptable nonsense, fatuous love-story, and illustrative mathematics. Some of it is devout, and some of it is polemical. It is a pity that an author of such tenderness and gentleness as Mr. Lewis Carroll should have to be polemical. His love for children, the playfulness of his humour, his real sympathy with all that are afflicted or oppressed, make his spitefulness seem by contrast the more spiteful. It is that very sympathy—sympathy with hunted animals—which makes him so fierce against sport. It is impossible to defend sport in all its forms; but if one wishes to be perfectly just, one must weigh the pleasure of the man against the suffering of the beast; and, to do this, one must be a scientific naturalist, and must be, or have been, a good sportsman: we have yet to learn that Mr. Lewis Carroll is either. But his attack upon Ritualism is more spiteful and less justifiable. He complains of the dangers to young choristers, and thinks that they will become self-con-

scious coxcombs from being continually *en evidence*. Were those children any less *en evidence* who took part in the dramatic representation of a book with which Mr. Lewis Carroll should be tolerably familiar—seeing that he wrote it? If—to put an imaginary case—we knew as much about ordinary churches as he thinks he knows about the stage, he would be aware that at least as much care is taken for the chorister as for the infant phenomenon. We have heard too much of clerical virulence lately; and it seems rather hard that books for children should be made a vehicle for the spite of a sect which began by detesting everything that it thought to be wrong, and which has ended by thinking to be wrong everything that it detests.

So Mr. Lewis Carroll blends fatuous love-story with fierce polemics; and wears the cap and bells without discarding the cap and gown. He is as one who passes rapidly from key to key, and frequently without modulations. But we still find some of the charm of the author's earlier work. The story which Bruno told to the frogs is delightful. The song of the mad gardener is full of free and breezy humour; but "Peter and Paul" is not so good. Sylvie is one of the most exquisite little maidens that ever won the heart of a reader. It is to the illustrations rather than to the text that the highest praise must be given. They are full of the most perfect appreciation of the delicate grace of childhood. Perhaps the best of them is that which represents Sylvie comforting Bruno, on page 307; but they are all charming. We do not think that Mr. Harry Furniss has ever done anything better, and this is saying a great deal. The book owes much to its artist.

Yet its defects might be easily remedied. In the next edition let the nonsense for children be printed in the ordinary black ink, and the rest of the book in red. The red would denote danger to the reader. Or green ink might be used to signify that Mr. Lewis Carroll was becoming uncommonly slow. Perhaps the rest of the book might be omitted altogether, and the price reduced to "Two Half-crowns," as it would then be styled on the title-page, or to the five shillings of more ordinary commerce.

Mark Twain is also somewhat affected by the Spirit of his Time, which is didactic; and by the Spirit of his Nation, which is inventive, but not refined. Mr. Lewis Carroll is far beyond Mr. Clemens in points of delicacy and taste; but it may be doubted whether any English author of repute would have tried to win a laugh by an irreverent treatment of the legend of the Holy Grail, as Mr. Clemens has done in "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." It is quite certain that there are few English readers who will care to see the subject begrimed with prime American jests. Mr. Clemens used to be able to make us laugh without resorting to this easy and distressing method; in his last book he fails to make us laugh by any method, even the worst.

But Mr. Clemens is not only dull when he is offensive; he is perhaps even more dull when he is didactic. His views on the peerage, religious tolerance, republics, political economy, and the application of electricity to warfare, may be—some of them are—admirable. But they are out of place in a farcical book: the satire is not fresh; the information is second-hand or inaccurate; and the moral—or immoral,

as the case may be—is clumsily enforced and unduly prominent. Tediumness is still further ensured by the length of the book. The joke is a long joke, and the author has not “gompessed him.” It would be idle to point out that the book is not a sketch of the sixth century; because Mr. Clemens is careful to remove by a prefatory note any such objection. But he must not think that his confession of incompetence will make him seem any the less incompetent to the intelligent reader.

The illustrations to the book are occasionally allegorical, and remind us of the hieroglyphic which is to be found at the beginning of prophetic almanacks. In one of them the root of a tree is marked Religious Intolerance (*sic*); but the artist spells quite as well as he draws. They are very badly arranged; they seldom occur at the right place; and they break into text, making the task of reading very difficult. The task was hard enough, too, without that. We hope—we may even believe—that we have seen the artist at his worst; we certainly have not seen the author at his best.

Sometimes we think that we shall never see the author at his best again. American humour depended much upon quaint and happy phrase. When these phrases are repeated *ad nauseam*, their quaintness and happiness seem to disappear. But we have been saddened and depressed by reading two long and humorous books, and are, perhaps, unduly inclined to be pessimistic. We had expected to laugh a little; and, instead of that, we have learned much—much that we knew before. And, after all, it must be easy for Mr. Clemens to do better; and we know why it must.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THERE is little which calls for special remark in “*Ad Orientem*,” a volume which gathers up the customary experiences and incidents of travel in rather a commonplace manner. Mr. Frederickson went on two separate occasions to the East, with a view, as he tells us, of “spending the winter in countries whose shores are washed by the Indian and Pacific Oceans,” and this book consists mainly of extracts from his “diary in 1870-1,” supplemented by information and impressions received during a second journey made between 1876-8.” He visited India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, the coast of Sumatra, Java, China, Japan, and

* *AD ORIENTEM*. By A. D. Frederickson, F.R.G.S. Illustrations and Maps. W. H. Allen & Co. Demy 8vo (21s.).

CHRIST AND HIS TIMES. By Archbishop Benson. Macmillan and Co. Crown 8vo (6s.).

A MEMORY OF EDWARD THRING. By John Huntley Skrine. Macmillan & Co. Post 8vo (6s.).

THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN FROM 1591 TO 1800. By John William Stubbs, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co. Demy 8vo (12s.).

IN MY LADY'S PRAISE. By Sir Edwin Arnold, M.A., C.S.I. Third Edition. Trübner & Co. Imperial 16mo (3s. 6d.).

PATIENCE GAMES. Illustrated with numerous Diagrams. By “Cavendish,” Author of “The Laws and Principles of Whist,” &c. Thomas de la Rue & Co. Quarto (16s.).

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE: A Sketch of the Diplomatic and Military History of Continental Europe from the Rise to the Fall of the Second French Empire. By Harold Murdock. With an Introduction by John Fiske. Longmans, Green & Co. Post 8vo (9s.).

found his way home across the American continent. He saw the usual sights—the Isle of Elephanta, the Delada Temple in Ceylon, the famous Botanical Gardens of Batavia, the streets and quays of Yokohama, the Yosemite Valley, and of course the inevitable Falls of Niagara; and he describes them all in the dull, matter-of-fact, conscientious, but laboured fashion of the ordinary well-intentioned tourist.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has just published some addresses to the clergy of his own diocese, to which he has given the name of “*Christ and His Times*.” According to Dr. Benson the “true, worthy problems” of the English Church are these: poverty, temperance, purity, and lay-work; and these, with an exordium and a final flourish of trumpets about the “Church’s Oneness,” are the subjects discussed. We are glad to find, even at the eleventh hour, the frank admission that secular and economic questions are “Church questions of the deepest moment;” and if Dr. Benson does not contribute much to their solution, he at least makes it evident that he has honestly tried to understand the temper and difficulties of the age. We are amazed, however, at the assertion that “aristocratical institutions in themselves tend to the substantial preservation of the family as the ground of society.” We imagined that—even at Lambeth Palace—that was an exploded fallacy.

The preparation of a biography of the late head-master of Uppingham has been entrusted, we believe, to Professor Parkin. Meanwhile, doubtless many old friends and pupils will be glad to turn to Mr. Skrine’s volume—“*A Memory of Edward Thring*.” The book is written from the standpoint of intimate personal knowledge, for Mr. Skrine was for seven years an Uppingham lad, and afterwards for twice that period a worker at Mr. Thring’s side within the walls of the famous school. He describes in an artless but vivid manner his impressions of the head-master, and it is impossible to read these chapters without, at all events, perceiving that Mr. Thring was able to inspire the teachers and pupils under him with loyalty and confidence. He was not merely an eminently capable man in his own profession, but was successful in a marked degree in enlisting the lads over whom he ruled with a firm hand, on the side of law and order. Mr. Thring knew how to evoke self-respect, and though he was one of the last men in the world to gloss over a fault, there was in him that fine type of tenderness which is occasionally found linked with great force of character. Above everything else, he never failed to discover—in his dealings with the intractable and rebellious—precisely where the “spark of fire lay hid in the coarsest of human clay.” This tribute to Mr. Thring’s memory is evidently the outcome of warm attachment, but we venture to think it would have been still more impressive if the whole of it had not been set to the key-note of unqualified admiration.

Dr. Stubbs has supplied a real want by the compilation of a careful and succinct “*History of the University of Dublin*.” No such work has hitherto been attempted, and extremely little exact information has in consequence been available concerning the chief seat of learning in Ireland. Considerable light is thrown by Dr. Stubbs on the early history of Trinity College, which was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1591, in order that youths might be “better assisted in the study of the liberal arts and in the cultivation of virtue and religion.” The College was built by public subscription, and the appeal which was sent forth urged liberality on the ground that the institution was likely to benefit the whole country by the advancement of “knowledge, learning, and civility,” and the banishment of “barbarism, tumults, and disorderly living.” No remains of this structure

exist at the present day; indeed, the oldest part of the University only dates from the reign of Queen Anne. The complete records of Trinity College have not been preserved, but Dr. Stubbs has had access to all the original documents which are still available. He gives an extremely interesting account of the progress of University teaching in Ireland, from the Restoration to the Revolution; and he sketches, in a lucid but concise fashion, the social and educational condition of Trinity College to the close of the eighteenth century. The text of a number of valuable documents, which have never before been printed, is given in an appendix of seventy pages.

It is scarcely necessary to do more than chronicle the fact that a third edition of Sir Edwin Arnold’s pathetic little collection of poems, entitled “*In My Lady’s Praise*,” has been demanded. Some of these “poems, old and new,” are in rather questionable taste; and though exquisite lines and choice similes occur in most of them, the impression left by the book as a whole is not satisfactory, either from the standpoint of art or sentiment. The tenderness which pervades the volume is marred, in our judgment, by the grandiloquent terms in which it is expressed.

In “*Patience Games*” it is necessary for the player to obtain complete sequences by dealing, moving, or taking the cards of the pack in accordance with certain rules. There are some games of patience which present an indefinite problem for solution—such combinations with the cards as the Sultan, the Windmill, the Junction, the Spread Eagle, and the like—and there are others in which the issue is less complex, as, for example, the Fan, the Bouquet, the Little Spider, and Persian Patience. All of these games, and many others, are carefully explained and illustrated with examples by “Cavendish;” and the volume also contains some clever tricks and puzzles with cards of a kind likely to afford much amusement. Altogether between forty and fifty capital, and in some cases extremely ingenious, “patience games” are described at length in this volume.

Under the title of “*The Reconstruction of Europe*” Mr. Harold Murdock has written a brief summary of diplomatic and military history from the rise to the fall of the second French Empire. The book does not profess to be more than an epitome of the events which have transformed the Europe of 1850 into the Europe of to-day. No claim is made by Mr. Murdock to extensive research, but it is only fair to add that these thirty chapters display wide reading and deliberate judgment. The scale of the book is, however, open to criticism; but Mr. Murdock explains the undue prominence which he gives to the Crimean war by the plea that the tactics of France, England, and Russia, were fully disclosed in that memorable campaign. He is conscious that his book is largely made up of incidents which come under the “drum and trumpet” category, which Mr. Green deprecated; but he claims that it ought not at least to be forgotten that every great change, during the twenty-one years which he passes under review, was brought about, not so much by diplomacy, as by force of arms. More care has been taken by Mr. Murdock in the accumulation of facts than with regard to the style in which he has set them forth. The book contains a dozen maps, a tolerably good list of works of reference, and a capital index.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JAN. 18, 1890.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

THE capitulation of the Portuguese Government on being presented with an *ultimatum* by the British Chargé d'Affaires has put an end to a vexatious dispute. That we ought never to have allowed matters to fall into the tangle in which they had become involved by the action of MAJOR SERPA PINTO and the counter-action of MR. JOHNSTON, there is no doubt; but when affairs had reached the highly dangerous and complicated state in which they were ten days ago, it was evident that the time for decided action had arrived. But there is not very much to boast about in the fact that Portugal was compelled to yield to the infinitely superior forces of Great Britain; and whilst we can readily understand and make allowance for the anger displayed by the Lisbon Press, it strikes us that the bluster and exultation indulged in by many of the London papers must appear to the world at large to be both vulgar and ridiculous.

THE worst result of LORD SALISBURY'S *coup* has been the effect it has produced in Portugal, where the Ministry was forthwith overturned, and violent demonstrations took place in the streets, in part against the Government but chiefly against England; so that in almost the only European country in which the English name has hitherto been popular, we are now as thoroughly hated as we are elsewhere. All over Europe, too, the Press has denounced the action of LORD SALISBURY'S Government, and has refused to see anything either bold, magnanimous, or statesmanlike in this coercion of a weak Power by a strong one.

WE may accept it as an undoubted fact that there was some foundation for the "scare" on the subject of an Easter dissolution with which the week opened. For some time past a dissolution of Parliament has been much talked about among a certain section of the Conservatives. The conviction that it would be a fatal policy to wait until the present Parliament dies a natural death, and Government have time to add to the already long tale of defeats and disappointments which they have had to encounter, has been gaining ground of late among their more intelligent supporters. The more acute among them recognise the fact that the one hope for LORD SALISBURY is a sudden dissolution at a propitious hour, when for the moment the attention of the country is turned from the Ministerial policy in Ireland to some question on which popular feeling may chance to side with the occupants of the Treasury Bench. But such an hour is hardly likely to arrive in connection with MR. GOSCHEN'S budget, and we may therefore dismiss the particular rumour which attracted so much attention last Monday.

THE influenza epidemic, though abating in its severity, has had a serious influence upon the death-rate in London during the present week. It would seem, indeed, that comparatively slight though the ailment itself may be, its sequels are of a very serious character. Among the victims of the week by far the most distinguished in this country has been LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA, the eminent soldier who, nearly

two-and-twenty years ago, in the language of MR. DISRAELI, raised "the banner of ST. GEORGE on the mountains of RASSELAS." Though for some time past LORD NAPIER had made but infrequent appearances before the English public, his reputation as a most capable scientific soldier had not been diminished by the passage of time, and in Germany he was held among military men in particularly high repute. Another notable death from the epidemic was that of LORD CAIRNS, the son of MR. DISRAELI'S Lord Chancellor.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES and LORD HARTINGTON have both been among the sufferers from the prevailing indisposition during the past week. Both are now happily recovering, though the condition of the latter for a time gave cause for anxiety to his many friends in both sections of the Liberal party. Among the deaths of the week, other than those we have already noticed, must be mentioned those of MRS. FITZGEORGE, wife of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE; DR. R. F. LITLEDALE; MR. DANIEL ADAMSON, who took the leading part in bringing into life the great scheme for the Manchester Ship Canal; MR. PATRICK CUMIN, the Secretary of the Education Department; and MR. CRAIG SELLAR, M.P.

MR. PATRICK CUMIN, Secretary to the Education Department, who died this week, was a capable and hard-working official, with more geniality and a more real interest in educational reforms and the better application of endowments than those who knew him superficially and noted the strain of cynicism in his talk might have credited him with. His death vacates one of the most important posts in the Civil Service. It is doubly important now, when a remodelling of our educational system cannot be much longer delayed, and when a large increase in Treasury grants will follow from the diminution or extinction of fees in elementary schools. The Secretary ought to be a man of first-rate business talents and a statesmanlike grasp of mind; and he ought to possess that knowledge of education and educational questions which Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the Council, under the present method of choice, are so often found to lack. LORD SALISBURY'S appointment will excite much attention, and deserve close scrutiny. He has been guilty of so many jobs, that if on this occasion also he uses a high post in the permanent Civil Service as a means of rewarding party services, or providing for a relative, or gratifying an influential supporter, his conduct will not pass uncensured in Parliament.

THE terms of the new Anglo-American Extradition Treaty have been published. The Treaty adds to the offences at present extraditable—attempt or conspiracy to murder, manslaughter, counterfeiting or altering money, uttering counterfeit or altered money, burglary, embezzlement or larceny of any sum or article of the value of £10 or upwards, rape or indecent assault on females, malicious injury to property whereby life is endangered, and one or two other offences committed on the high seas or the great lakes. To most persons, we imagine, it will seem surprising that these offences were not included in the former Treaty. No political crimes

are made extraditable, and the Treaty is subject to termination by notification of either of the contracting Powers.

THE long-expected Papal Encyclical on the duties of Catholics was published on Thursday. Whilst enjoining love of country, the POPE lays down as the highest duty of the Christian citizen loyalty to the Church, the law of God coming before the law of man. The Church respects the rights of the State, but is not in subjection to any political party. Catholics must avoid intestine quarrels and dissensions, and must submit themselves to the POPE and the bishops, remembering that even the former has to act with political prudence in regard to civil acts.

SPEAKING at Canterbury on Monday, MR. BRYCE, after alluding to MR. BALFOUR's pretended success in pacifying Ireland as "the best-advertised thing he had ever known," said "he was willing to give MR. BALFOUR credit for being a bold and courageous defender of his bad and dangerous measures, but he gave him no credit for having shown skill, tact, or statesmanlike foresight or wisdom in the management of Ireland. The Coercion Act had failed utterly, and a simple way of proving it would be to resort to a General Election." The Liberal party, when it returned to power, would deal boldly and broadly with the question of a Second Chamber, would endeavour to complete the scheme of local government by the formation of parish and village councils, would reform the liquor and licensing laws, legislate for providing better dwellings for the poor, and increase the facilities for acquiring allotments for the poor. All this, in addition to the establishment of Home Rule in Ireland, would form a sufficient programme for the most Liberal House of Commons and Administration.

SPEAKING at Nottingham on Tuesday, MR. T. W. RUSSELL made a characteristic attack upon MR. PARNELL, and strove to prove that the rejection of the Tenants' Relief Bill, in 1886, had not been in any real sense the cause of the adoption of the Plan of Campaign. He was hot in his demand that Ulster should be left alone, apparently for the moment forgetful of the number of Home Rule members already returned by Ulster to the House of Commons, and insisted that "the fair province" should not be swamped by "the dark western area which civilisation has hardly touched." The effect of his denunciation of the lawlessness of the larger portion of the Irish people was somewhat marred by his announcement that the Protestants of the north would fight rather than allow their rights to be trampled down by "a brutal majority." A man must be a member of the dominant minority in Ireland to be able to use such language with impunity. If it were to fall from the lips of a Nationalist member his speedy appearance before a Crimes Court would be inevitable.

MR. STANLEY has reached Cairo, and thus once more finds himself in the midst of a civilised community. EMIN PASHA unfortunately has had a relapse, and seems to be in a very grave condition. At Cairo the KHEDIVE has rendered full honour to MR. STANLEY, and has, at the same time, expressed his acquiescence in the suggestions of the latter as to the employment of EMIN PASHA in the service of Egypt. It is not a little unfortunate that, whilst the population of Cairo have been welcoming STANLEY with enthusiasm, his name should have been made the occasion of a very bitter and needless debate in the London County Council. A proposal on the part of the REV. FLEMING WILLIAMS that the London Council should pay some mark of respect to the distinguished traveller on his

return to this country, was opposed by MR. JOHN BURNS in a speech of singular violence and bitterness. MR. BURNS was once, it appears, employed for twelve months in some part of Africa, and this fact seemed to him to justify him in making an unsparing attack alike upon STANLEY's methods and his aims. He apparently overlooked the fact that the EMIN Relief Expedition was not a commercial speculation, and that STANLEY had willingly risked his own life in order to save that of another man.

MR. STANLEY has formed ideas of his own on the future of the Soudan, the abandonment of which he regards as a political crime, whilst declaring its recovery to be only a question of money—the cost of a railway from Suakin to Berber.

THE Post Office has been much before the world during the last few days, the Jubilee of the Penny Post in the United Kingdom having been fully celebrated. Due—and well-deserved—honour has been done to the memory of SIR ROWLAND HILL, and Post Office officials and magnates of all degrees have celebrated the glories of the system by which the social habits, not only of the people of this country, but of the civilised nations of the world, have been so largely revolutionised. It is characteristic of the Conservatism of the English nature, however, that among the Post Office officials and ex-officials who dined together on Wednesday to celebrate the Jubilee, there was almost as strong a disposition to ridicule the notion of an ocean penny post as to laud the foresight of the author of the Inland Penny Post. That the former is coming, slowly perhaps, but none the less surely, is apparent to most persons, though not, singularly enough, to the able gentlemen who preside over St. Martin's-le-Grand.

THE boy KING OF SPAIN rallied early in the week from the attack which had seemed likely to prove fatal to him, and although still seriously ill, the immediate danger appears to have passed. His death, if we may believe the most acute Continental observers, would in all probability be followed by a violent attempt to overthrow the Monarchy and set up a Republic in its place, and the Republican leaders are believed to have made preparations for the anticipated event.

AMONG the causes which have engaged the attention of the Courts of Justice during the week have been some which deserve special notice. We have referred elsewhere to the case of MR. PARKE, the young journalist on whom the severe sentence of twelve months' imprisonment has been passed for libelling LORD EUSTON, the son and heir of the DUKE of GRAFTON. The libel was one of the most shocking character, and as MR. PARKE pleaded justification, and then broke down completely in the attempt to prove his defence, it is not surprising that a heavy punishment was inflicted upon him. At the Royal Courts of Justice a jury has been engaged in hearing the charge of attempted blackmailing against certain financial journalists, but at the moment at which we write the case has not been concluded. In the Under Sheriff's Court on Thursday morning MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE was awarded one thousand pounds as damages for a libel on his character, of which COLONEL MALLESON was the author. The libel was one of a scandalous character; there was not the shadow of a foundation for it; and COLONEL MALLESON made no attempt to justify or palliate his conduct. Whether his attack upon an innocent man was prompted by political motives we do not pretend to know, though the last sentence of the libellous paragraph—"Verily MASTER HERBERT is a chip of the old block"—would seem to suggest that political feeling was not altogether absent from the offence.

THE death of DR. VON DÖLLINGER removes one of the most interesting and venerable figures of modern Germany. Born a year before CARDINAL NEWMAN, his career offers some curious points of similarity, with still more curious points of contrast, to that of our illustrious countryman, the only other ecclesiastic in Europe of equal gifts and renown. DR. DÖLLINGER's learning was amazing; and it was united to a beautiful simplicity and kindliness of character as well as to an admirable love of truth. His knowledge ranged over the whole field of civil as well as ecclesiastical history; and, like his great rival RANKE, he continued to read and produce till within a few weeks or days of his death. As often happens with very learned men, he was too fond of accumulating knowledge to be willing to concentrate his powers upon any single period or book. But the total result of his life's work for historical science is of the highest possible value. Ultramontanism and the Roman Curia found in him their most formidable because their best instructed foe.

THE GOVERNMENT AND FREE SCHOOLS.

ANYBODY who chanced to be in the House of Commons on the summer evening last year when the application of the principle of free schooling in Scotland was under discussion, will watch with interest the line taken by the Tory party when it is proposed to extend the same principle to England. One honest though rather peculiar Tory moved the rejection of the clause. "I am opposed," said he, "to the principle of free education as being most mischievous in every possible aspect, not only *à priori*, but because empirically it has been proved mischievous in many countries." General Hamley, whose parliamentary performances are always very droll inversions of the saying that the tongue is mightier than the sword, protested against the first step in a path that led to "what cannot but be called a revolutionary and communistic policy, in which nobody will educate his own children, and everybody will educate the children of somebody else." Mr. Gerald Balfour, a less maladroit personage than General Hamley, agreed with him that many on that side of the House were pledged up to the eyes against free schools. The worthy Sir Richard Temple assured his leaders that there was not a more loyal party man in the world than himself, but that he had always declared against free schools before his constituents during his election, that he then believed himself to be speaking and acting up to the principles of that great party to which he was proud to belong, and that he meant to stand in the House to his promises on the hustings. Such lofty and heroic virtue as thinking a pledge before election binding afterwards, naturally filled with amazement the party which had won their seats by repudiating Coercion and passed a Coercion Act the next year. The Irish Secretary endeavoured to disarm them by "absolutely denying"—a phrase that is never absent from any speech that he ever makes—that they were "in any sense committing themselves to the principle of free education." But the malcontents held firm. Paradoxical as it may seem in such a party as that, no fewer than fifty-two members treated their electioneering professions seriously, and stood to their guns.

The episode is not likely to have escaped from the memory of Ministers who were present. We may be sure that they are hearing from a good many quarters just now loud echoes of last summer's denunciations, and nothing short of an immense sop to their clerical friends will save them from a fatal quarrel. The clergy are the most earnest and skilful of Tory electioneers. If the clergy were to sulk

in their tents or their parsonages at the next election, their abstention would be only less disastrous to the Coalition than sulks among the publicans. It is clear that these important allies of the Government will put up with no nonsense about education. It is true that one-half of the total expense of the denominational schools comes out of the taxes, but this never prevents the clerical manager from talking of "my school" and "my teacher," or from regarding school, teacher, and scholars as a sort of dependence on his church. The Cabinet will think twice or thrice before they wound or alarm this most potent contingent in their hosts.

What is the question? The abolition of the pence now paid by the parents will require a grant from the taxes of about £1,880,000, or in round numbers £2,000,000. Of this sum more than one-half would find its way into the hands of the managers of voluntary schools; for of every hundred pounds collected as school fees, as much as £66 is collected in the voluntary schools. The exact principle on which compensation for the stoppage of the children's pence should be allotted is not yet settled. It seems easy enough to settle it by simply paying to each school the precise sum that it loses. But the effect of this would be that the school with the high rate of 9d. a week would get 30s. as compensation for the abolished fees, while the penny school in the very poor locality would only get 4s. Such a plan would never do. The only alternative is to strike an average of the school pence, and hand that amount over to all the schools alike. If this be adopted, the compensation would be about 11s. per head per annum. Then in what delightful position will the voluntary school find itself? The average cost of public elementary education is 40s. per head per annum. Of this the parliamentary grant supplies 17s. 8d. If a further grant of 11s. is made as compensation for making the schools free, this will only leave some 10s. to be provided locally. But is it to be supposed, or is it to be endured, that Parliament is actually to pay out of the taxes three-quarters of the cost of maintaining schools in whose management no public representative has voice, vote, or shadow of control?

This is the issue which the Government will have to face. If they hand over largely increased sums to private bodies containing no element of popular representation, they will run some risk of defeat by a possible combination of Liberals with malcontent Tories who object to free schools on principle. If, on the contrary, they introduce the element of popular control, they will offend the denominationalists; and the latter may possibly be offended in any case, for they may be acute enough to foresee that when a Liberal majority comes into power free schools must lead straight to a termination of the uncontrolled denominational system. The Opposition, at any rate, have a clear and unmistakable line before them. They are bound to insist that a further grant of public money shall be accompanied by the condition of some form of public control over the administration of the funds and the details of management. This control must be in a local authority of some kind or another. Of centralisation in Whitehall there is enough and too much already. The School Board is the natural authority. But then the clerical friends of the Government do not love School Boards. It has been suggested that the Government may try to get out of the difficulty by allotting sums to county or municipal councils, and leaving them to distribute the money locally. This, however, would be to over-ride School Boards in their own proper department; it would be

asking Parliament to stultify its own deliberate handiwork. This and other difficulties are the result of a great reform being attempted by a party who do not believe in it, and cannot bring themselves to swallow the only principle by which it can either be really justified or effectively carried out. The Tory prints are boasting that free schools, "as a mere party move," are a capital thing, and will dish the Liberals. Unless their friends are uncommonly clever in their manoeuvres, they will be much more likely to dish themselves.

OUR QUARREL WITH PORTUGAL.

LORD SALISBURY'S action of last Saturday has secured for him those commendations for promptitude and decision which all Governments desire so keenly and which as a rule nations appreciate so highly. Nor can it be alleged by anyone that it has cost the Prime Minister much to win the adulation of the Tory newspapers, as well as of some other organs of public opinion which cannot usually be accused of partiality towards the present Government. Portugal is a very weak State, and England a very powerful one. Whenever the master of the ironclads of Great Britain chose to present a loaded pistol at the heads of the Ministry at Lisbon, his success in diplomacy was assured. So, having made up his mind that the time had come to play the trump card of our naval supremacy, Lord Salisbury played it without hesitation, and won the trick. Nor are we prepared to say that, so far as the immediate results in Africa are concerned, his action is to be regretted. It is assuredly much better for mankind at large that English influence should be paramount on Lake Nyassa and in Mashonaland than that Portugal should claim to hold a country which she cannot colonise, and in which she can never even exercise effectual sovereignty. It is far better that South-Eastern Africa should be civilised by English capital and Scotch missionaries than that the process should be undertaken by half-caste Portuguese traders, by gold-diggers and filibusters of all nations, and by missions which, unless they are also military centres, are only too likely to fall into the decay which beset the Spanish missions in Mexico and California. The end of all good government is attained: the mode of attainment is prompt, and even sensational; and so the incident has been satisfactorily closed.

Unfortunately, however, the trouble is by no means over. Promptitude and decision are no doubt very desirable; but the coercion applied by a strong State to a weak is not a matter to boast of, however necessary it may sometimes be. The recrudescence of Jingoism visible in certain Conservative papers last week can hardly be excused even by ignorance. It may not always have been obvious (though it was shown by the rejection of the Berlin Memorandum of 1876) that the greatest naval Power, where her navy can act, has only to speak decisively to receive attention and compliance. But action which in unlikely but conceivable contingencies might inspire us with pride if taken against Germany or Russia, and which would be justified by treaty obligations as well as by ordinary morality if it were occasionally applied to Turkey, has been extolled by certain Conservative papers as if Portugal were one of the Great Powers.

A State with an annual deficit of a million and three-quarters, and an indebtedness and a taxation which, in proportion to its available resources, are heavier than in any still solvent country in Europe, is not a State we need take a pride in coercing. And the manner of coercing is rather too Bismarckian. It offers, indeed, the most striking of contrasts to the attitude of Lord Salisbury on the New

Hebrides question towards France, and on the question of Sir John Kirke towards Germany. We must, of course, suspend our judgment till the papers are before us; but we must not forget meanwhile that the Portuguese are a cultivated, susceptible, and eminently patriotic nation, and that their patriotism is intensified by the recollection of a past more glorious than the present. Slight as their claims in South Central Africa may be, they have at least received formal recognition from France and Germany; while the articles agreed to by the Berlin Conference in 1885, and by England among them, provide that in case of difference between the Powers as to their respective spheres of influence in the zone of free trade, an appeal to mediation shall precede the appeal to arms. Now, though this does not affect Mashonaland proper, it does affect a portion of the territory in dispute immediately to the south of Lake Nyassa. Moreover, it is pretty clear that the late Portuguese Government, whose Parliamentary majority, increased by the elections of October last, was entirely decisive, enjoyed until last Saturday the complete confidence of the majority of the nation in home affairs, and of the whole of the nation in foreign; that it resigned simply owing to its failure to resist the action of our Government; that Senhor Serpa de Pimental, the new Conservative Premier, is in a hopeless minority in the present Cortes on all but this one question; that his party is bitterly hated by the Republicans, who, though their Parliamentary importance hardly exceeds that of the Socialists with us, have a political importance which is greater than their Parliamentary; and that the one link between him and the majority of the people is their common Jingoism. Now last year Portugal passed through a stormy period in her history. The Cortes surpassed the French Chamber in its most excited moments. The Republicans may not be very strong, and Socialism in Portugal is a *négligeable* quantity; but the economic heresies of the Liberals and the turbulence of Parliamentary Government have produced an impatience of the present system, and a desire not infrequently expressed for the short and decisive methods of Don Miguel. The action of our Government upsets the comparative stability which the last elections had produced, and plunges Portugal into a state of political confusion of which no man can predict the end.

It is hardly possible for anyone but an expert in South African geography to speak very decidedly on the matters in dispute. It is well known that in 1884 Portugal put forth an official map on which her African possessions were depicted as stretching right across the Continent from Angola to Mozambique. A railway, perhaps suggested by the Canadian Pacific, was projected to unite the Atlantic and Indian oceans. The western end was said to be under construction; the survey of a line subsidiary to the eastern end was one of the ostensible objects of Major Serpa Pinto's expedition last March. But the case made out for these claims, even when stated by Senhor Batalha Reis in its strongest form—still more when put in more general terms by Senhor Barros Gomez, in his despatch printed in the *Times* of December 9th—is absolutely ludicrous in its feebleness. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the evidences of Portuguese discovery and occupation are numerous and satisfactory enough. During the eighteenth and nineteenth they are reduced to ruined forts, journeys of explorers (mostly private traders), and an occasional treaty or act of occupation which has never been made effective—all of this being backed, in Senhor Barros Gomez' despatch, by a rhetorical appeal to the compassion of Europe. Still, such as it is, the Portuguese claim has been recognised by France and Germany; and unless it can be very clearly shown that the Portuguese agents in Africa could have been held back in no other way, we cannot admit that the manner in which our claims have been asserted was satisfactory. It is a pity, no doubt, that the Portuguese Ministry did not meet us more readily; but in any case we need not boast of our triumph.

A MARTYR OF THE NEW JOURNALISM.

NO journalist will read without a feeling of pain the report of the trial of Mr. Parke at the Central Criminal Court. On the darker features of the case, which were suggested rather than openly stated in the course of that trial, we cannot dwell. They belong to the worst characteristics of an age in which idleness and self-indulgence have produced their inevitable fruits in the degradation not only of the class which lives for sloth and sensual pleasure, but of that which finds its profit in ministering to the gratification of debased and vicious appetites. It is a shame even to speak of such things; and shame it is for all of us that now, as in the days of the Apostle, such things should be possible in a community which professes to be Christian and civilised. But our business here is to speak not of the leprous herd into whose existence we have been afforded a glimpse, but of the young journalist upon whom a heavy sentence of imprisonment has just been passed. It is quite possible that Mr. Parke in his cell may feel that he has no occasion to envy the man who has sent him there. But this fact, if it be one, does not minimise the weight of the penalty which has fallen upon him, nor does it lessen the force of the moral which his condemnation and sentence teach. Here is a young man, whose personal character, so far as we know, is above suspicion, and who has unquestionably been acting from what he himself believed to be the best of motives, but who is so unfortunate that at the outset of his career he has been brought into rude collision with the law, and, after a full trial, has not only been convicted of a serious offence by a jury, but has been sentenced to a very heavy punishment. Is there no lesson to be learned by his colleagues and contemporaries from his fate?

Mr. Parke's offence was a very simple one. In common with the rest of the world he had heard whispers of certain loathsome scandals gravely, we might say fatally, affecting the characters of a number of men more or less notorious in society. He listened to the wild gossip which ran loose in a hundred clubs and other places of resort last autumn on the subject of these scandals—gossip in which it seemed that no names, however illustrious or however obscure, were safe from attack; and then, in a moment of deplorable indiscretion, he printed one of those names in an unimportant journal of which he happened to be the editor. For this act of indiscretion he has now been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. He will emerge from prison no doubt feeling that the purity of his motives has saved him from the heavier portion of the penalty inflicted upon him by the judge; but, however free he may be from the moral degradation of the common criminal, he has unquestionably met with a blow which must cripple, if it does not ruin, his career. How was it that such a man, with no natural propensity towards lawlessness, no thought of committing any mean or wicked deed, let himself fall into the position in which he is now placed? The question is one which journalists at least are bound to ask themselves, and it is one that may readily be answered.

Mr. Parke is one of the martyrs of the thing which calls itself "The New Journalism." In common with not a few able men, he seems to have laboured under the delusion that the journalist—or, to use a simpler phrase, the man who is able to put his opinions into print—enjoys certain privileges and immunities denied to the rest of the world. Such a man believes himself to be possessed of a mission to teach and lead his fellow-creatures, but he imagines that he is free from the restraints to which missionaries of every other description must submit. The journalist of the new school is convinced that publicity is the one great panacea for all the ills that flesh in its social form is heir to. For him in pursuit of his high calling no such thing as the sanctity of private life, or even the decent

reticence of ordinary society, exists. If he hears of an evil story he must straightway publish it to the world, believing that by so doing he is best punishing the guilty and serving the wronged. If he learns that a cloud of suspicion tarnishes a noble name (we are not here alluding to the particular case in which Mr. Parke has figured) he does not wait for its dispersion, but forthwith draws the attention of the world to its existence and speculates upon its meaning. If by any chance he should light upon some real social ulcer he must needs strip it of its covering and expose it to the gaze of the chance passer-by, as the beggars of Naples in old days exposed their sores. Nothing is sacred to a sapper, or to a journalist of the new school; and if at times in pursuing truth in this fantastic fashion he brings himself into collision with the law, we are bound to say that he usually takes his punishment like a man, and, we fear, comes out of gaol more strongly imbued than ever with the belief that he is a heaven-appointed censor of manners.

We do not pretend to know what will happen in the case of Mr. Parke; but we wish we could hope that the men who affect to belong to this particular school of journalism would take warning by his fate, and would learn at least the value of modesty as a virtue. Those who think that they know more than their neighbours, and who lose no opportunity of impressing that fact upon the world at large, generally end by making a somewhat painful exhibition of themselves, if they do not come to absolute shipwreck. There is much that is good in the New Journalism. It has plenty of vigour and enterprise; its aims as a whole are excellent; and it deserves unstinted credit for all it has done in making the Press reflect more directly than it did in former days the feelings, not of mere cliques, but of the masses of the people. Taken as a whole, its worst weaknesses are for big headlines, bumptiousness, and bad taste. But when it runs counter to that consensus of opinion which is founded upon the experience of ages, and claims a right to expose at every street corner to a blatant and intolerable publicity all those incidents of social, and even of domestic life, regarding which society from time immemorial has thought it well to exercise a decent reticence and self-restraint, it becomes a public nuisance and, what is worse, a public danger. We hear much about bad judges; and some ermine-clad judges are in all conscience bad enough. But there is no judge who presumes to pass sentence upon the sins, the foibles, or the frailties of his fellow-creatures, who can by any possibility be more completely unfitted for such a task than a "New Journalist" anxious to create a sensation.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST LEPROSY.

"THE canker of individualism" was the phrase used by Sir Andrew Clark to explain the reason why the National Leprosy Fund was a failure, such a hopeless failure, indeed, as to require a subscription dinner at the Métropole Hotel. We deny that selfishness on the part of philanthropists is the explanation. It is astounding that a Fund blessed with Royal Patronage, with the support of the most eminent of the medical faculty, and with the entire Press, should be a failure. We believe that the real reason is due to the fact that the public do not understand what is to become of their money when subscribed. In other words, the committee of the fund have not made it sufficiently clear what they propose to do. The three objects mentioned are, first, the erection of a memorial to Father Damien; secondly, the care and medical attention of indigent lepers in this country; and, lastly, the creation of two studentships for the purpose of studying the disease. The first object has been carried out; but what about the second? Has any serious attempt been made by the committee to ascertain the number of poor lepers in Great Britain? For without this knowledge how can the amount of money required be ascertained?

It was stated at the subscription dinner last Monday that £12,000 was the sum required. Why £12,000? Is the interest or the capital to be used? Then again there are the two studentships. How much is to be the salary, and what manner of man is to do the work? The public will subscribe fast enough when it is convinced that the movement is not a mere sentimental spasm or a doctor's fad. We urge the committee to meet without delay, and to take the philanthropic public into their fullest confidence; and at the same time a more appropriate name for the fund might be suggested. "National Leprosy" is not quite a nice idea.

POLITICAL CENTRES OF GRAVITY.

II.—THE TORY PARTY.

LAST week we pointed out through what causes and with what consequences the centre of gravity in the Liberal party had shifted in the direction of Radicalism. A similar change has passed upon the Tory party—similar as regards its influence on the future course of legislation, though dissimilar in its proximate cause. Among the Liberals that cause has been the secession of a number of wealthy and influential supporters, nearly all of whom belonged to the moderate or Whiggish section of the party. Among the Tories it is not the subtraction but the addition of a force that has produced the change to be here discussed. Forty years ago the Tory party was—as long before, in the days of the Revolution—the country party. Its leaders (with one exception to be hereafter noted) belonged by birth or adoption to the landed aristocracy. The members who supported it in the House of Commons were almost all of them scions of the titled and landholding class. Its voting strength lay in the counties; for those towns were very few in which either a wealthy middle-class, as in Liverpool, or a sort of privileged mob, as occasionally in Nottingham and some other places where the freemen voters were supreme, returned members to support what was then admittedly the anti-popular party. From about 1860 onwards a change became perceptible. It is now the fashion to credit Mr. Disraeli with having first perceived that the party to which the bulk of the aristocracy belonged need not on that account be anti-popular in its policy. No doubt having begun life as a Radical, and having never absorbed the prejudices and traditions either of old Toryism or of the qualified plutocratic Conservatism of Peel, Disraeli was just the man to educate his party away from its old doctrines, and supply it with a new set better suited to the new order of things. But that new order must in any case have evoked a different sort of Toryism. Disraeli merely hastened the process, and gave the party a fuller consciousness of the new departure it was taking. The growth of wealth among the middle classes tended more and more to wean its richer members from the party of change, and to range them with the party that professed to support the existing order, and commanded those social influences to which the new rich are specially amenable. Through a variety of causes, among which the influence of Tory employers and of the Anglican clergy must be counted, Tory feeling spread from the middle into the working classes. In the election of 1874, the Conservative working man, whom Liberals had jeered at as a *lusus nature* even so late as 1868, was recognised as a tremendous fact. Many town constituencies—and in town constituencies the working-class element has been since 1867 supreme—returned Tory members. In 1880 the party maintained its hold upon the boroughs of England, though utterly routed in Scotland and Ireland. In 1885 and 1886 it conquered London, of whose sixty seats all but four or five are controlled by the working-class vote. Its strength in the House of Commons now resides quite as much in English urban as in English rural con-

stituencies, reckoning as urban those divisions of counties where the population is dense. The Tory members who hold these urban seats are a totally different class from the Tory followers of Peel in 1841, or of Lord Derby in 1852. They are mostly new men, successful merchants or manufacturers, less often professional men or journalists, with only a few representatives of landholding families scattered among them. They have little of the old Tory jealousy of popular rights, no special regard for agricultural interests, not even much sympathy with the landlord as against the tenant. Their tendency to side with the employers in labour questions is not much stronger than in the case of Liberal members belonging to the same class in the community, and is tempered—indeed, reduced to a minimum—by the fact that they depend upon working-class votes. Toryism as they understand it is not inconsistent with extensions of the suffrage, with the establishment of popular local government, with the heavier taxation of the land and the appropriation by the State of "unearned increment," with the grant of gratuitous education in State-aided schools. To what is called State Socialism they are probably more prone than Liberals have shown themselves, because Liberals have usually trusted to individualism and self-help, whereas Tories have been inclined to paternal government, and have thought it politic to soothe the masses by the gift of material benefits. If you make people comfortable, you make them contented, possibly even grateful to those ruling classes by whose hands the power of the State is wielded. Even to keep them dependent is something gained for the office-holding class. The nearest approach to State Socialism England has made is in her poor-law system. Now it was the Tories who declaimed and agitated for many years against the famous Act of 1834, which reformed that system, though nothing except the gift of the franchise in 1884 has more tended to elevate the rural labourer, and give him a sense of independence, than the restriction of out-door relief. So the Tories of to-day are more likely than the Radicals to break down the rules and practice which have grown up under the Act of 1834, if it should appear that such a course would win popularity in the rural districts, and keep the labourer in his allegiance to the squire and the farmer.

The addition to the Tory party of these urban Tories, belonging by origin to the middle class, and dependent for their seats upon the votes of working men, has completely displaced the centre of gravity in the Tory party. It remains the party of the rich, and the party disposed to champion authority. But it is no longer opposed to change, no longer aristocratic in its sentiment. It is not now, in the opinion of the masses, an anti-popular party as it was in 1832, or even in 1860. There is nothing Conservative about it—Mr. Disraeli, the apostle of its new gospel, always disliked the name Conservative—except the desire to maintain the House of Lords and the Established Church. These two institutions are not so generally disliked by the urban democracy that an urban member need find himself injured by supporting them, and one of them is, indeed, the strongest pillar of Toryism. In fact, the chief difference one finds to-day between a Tory borough member and a Radical borough member is that the former upholds while the latter assails, the hereditary character of the House of Lords, and the State establishment of religion. There are of course other questions on which the attitude of the two parties happens for the moment to differ. Foreign policy may not be such a question, for the Tories may possibly have returned from the strange delusions with which Lord Beaconsfield filled them to the older and better traditions of Peel's days, while the Liberals never, as a party, embraced what is called the Manchester doctrine. On the issues of Local Option and Home Rule there is at present an opposition. But these are matters in which the present Tory attitude is accidental, due to temporary political causes. There is nothing in the principles of the party to prevent it from allowing a district to interdict

the sale of intoxicants without compensation to publicans—as indeed many zealous clerical Tories would be glad to see it do; nothing to prevent it from granting under the name of Local Government all that Mr. Parnell desires. Of what were once its principles, scarce any, save the defence of the Anglican Establishment, are now left to it. The rest have been one by one thrown overboard in the passionate effort to keep abreast of Liberalism by lightening the vessel.

Those who have followed the argument thus far may here object that the growth of democratic tendencies in the Tory party will be counteracted by the adhesion to it, which will eventually become the absorption in it, of those conservative and aristocratic Liberals—many of them landowners and most of them wealthy—who call themselves Liberal Unionists. They, it may be said, will restore the disturbed equilibrium. Men of Mr. Goschen's type will counterbalance the Tory democrats from the manufacturing towns. The answer is that it is now too late. The Tory party has found itself "in a tight place." It sees before it constituencies now thoroughly democratised. It sees the Liberal party, whose traditions are democratic, and which is now more Radical than ever, advocating a series of democratic measures, some of which appeal directly to the sentiment, others no less directly to the material interests, of the masses. To oppose these measures is to court defeat, and to lose the chance of saving those things for which the party most cares, including the Anglican Establishment. It requires exceptional virtue for a party which sees that the time has come when it must sink or swim, not to resolve to bid against its adversaries for democratic favour, and, if need be, to outbid them. The adhesion of the Hartingtonians, therefore, though most of them are more Conservative than the urban Tories, will not arrest a movement which self-preservation dictates. If they incorporate themselves with the Tory party, the current will sweep them along; and they will share in perfecting the work which the canonised saint of the Primrose League began.

"May there not be a schism in the Tory party? Surely the rural Tories, the squires and the clergy, surely many among the Tory plutocracy, do not realise in what direction the party is travelling!" That is true enough. Those classes have not yet realised whither they are being led. But it is the parliamentary chiefs, the members of the House of Commons, the local wire-pullers, the journalists, who guide the course of the party, and they have no fear of a schism. The natural cohesion of the Tory party is very close. Party means more to a Tory than it does to a Liberal. The word requires and justifies far greater sacrifices of individual opinion or sentiment. Moreover, those who would be needed to head a schism, if schism there were to be—viz., the aristocratic and landholding members of the Ministry and the House of Commons—have themselves been forced to bow to the new spirit. Most of them represent popular constituencies, for even in counties the masses are now sovereign. They have been disciplined in many instances, and notably in that of the Local Government Bill of 1888, to subordinate their personal proclivities to the necessities of party expediency. The Tory party is therefore in no danger of being split up. It sees before it a future which ought to be far more repugnant to those who cherish its ancient traditions—that of bidding against, and possibly outbidding, the Liberal party for the favour of the multitude.

This shifting of the Tory centre of gravity towards Radicalism, a shifting evidently destined to be permanent, points to two phenomena, full of moment for the future of the country.

One is the fact that there no longer exists in our Government any force capable of resisting democratic demands. Should the masses of the people unite in calling for any measure which promised to better their condition, neither party would resist. The old balance of classes, on the need for

which Lord Cairns dilated in 1866, is irrecoverably gone; and the proof is that neither party would now venture, as the Tory party would have done at that time, to defend the special interests of the upper or the wealthy class. The numerical majority is supreme, and owing to the structure of our government, supreme not only as to getting its way ultimately, but as to getting it immediately. That which used to be the party of resistance would not resist, because its members in the House are members for the masses. Even to interpose parliamentary delays might involve unpopularity. The House of Lords dare not resist, for its own life is threatened. Still less the Crown. Fortunately the masses of the English people are not intoxicated by their power, but seem likely to use it moderately. They are indeed only just awakening to know that it is theirs.

The other phenomenon is the disappearance of definite principles, tenets and traditions distinguishing the two parties. When the House of Lords has vanished or been reconstructed, and when the Anglican Church has been disestablished—changes so obviously in accord with the democratic tendencies of the time that they cannot be very long delayed—the two great English parties will have become even as the Republicans and Democrats of the United States—parties of Ins and Outs, taking up questions from time to time, and making them more or less of battle-grounds, but not divided by any natural and permanent lines. It is of course possible that new dividing questions may emerge; possible also that the questions which are from time to time adopted by each party may be argued in a higher spirit, and with more honest constancy of purpose than is generally discernible among American party politicians. But so far as can be foreseen, the tendency of parties to become factions struggling chiefly for power will henceforth be stronger than it has been during the last sixty years, a period through the whole of which English party divisions have had a real meaning, and contending principles have elevated the tone of parliamentary conflicts.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. VON DÖLLINGER.

ON the evening of Friday, the 10th of January, a great luminary was, so far as this world is concerned, extinguished by the death of Dr. Von Döllinger. Next month he would have completed his ninety-first year. The recent state of his health had given no alarm to his friends. Only an increase of deafness asserted, without violence, the mastery of Time, and began seriously to restrict that communication with those he loved, in which it was hard to say whether they or he took most delight. As late as during the summer of 1886, and I believe again in 1887, he plunged daily, with more courage perhaps than prudence, into the Tegernsee. If colour enters into the German name for an old man (*greis*), he had made no progress towards earning it three years before his death, when his head was covered with such a mass, such a thatch as it might be called, of thick brown hair, that then, or not long before, he would walk gently about the garden of the hospitable villa which he visited, for hours together, without a hat. He used to be absorbed in conversations, always on his part rich and varied; and his part was ever the larger one—spontaneously and not by the least approach to self-assertion, from which no one was more free. When he was aged eighty-seven he walked with me seven miles across the hill which separates the Tegernsee from the next valley to the eastward. At that time he had begun to find his sleep subject to occasional interruptions; and he had armed himself against them by committing to memory the three first books of the *Odyssey* for recital.

The prevailing epidemic of influenza, to which, or to its immediate consequence, he succumbed, will probably be remembered and dated chiefly in connection with the name of its illustrious victim.

He was a man altogether rare, and he stood in chrono-

logical relation to other rare men, who are not without interest. Dr. Von Döllinger or, as (having duly recognised his honours of State) I shall now call him, Dr. Döllinger, was a year older than the century. Dr. Pusey was of the same age with the century; and Cardinal Newman was, and happily still is, a year younger than the century. Severed in external position and profession, they were men in whom many would recognise strong bonds of inward communion.

There is one man living whose qualifications for writing the life of Dr. Döllinger are immeasurably superior to those of every other person. It will at once be known that I mean Lord Acton, who was reared under his instructions, who was united to him by ties of close affection, and who, following with rare capacity his example, has travelled far and wide over the regions of an apparently boundless learning. There is also a lady of known and high accomplishments who, when I knew her in Munich, stood to him in an almost daughter-like relation; but I am disposed to think that ladies ought not to be named in print without their previous consent. If the tale of such a life is not rightly told, it will be a fraud upon mankind. As for myself, I offer, not without hesitation, this very imperfect testimony, for which it can only be said that it is early, and profoundly reverential, and based upon a friendship which has run over forty-five years.

In the autumn of 1845 a domestic occasion carried me to Munich, and in the prosecution of it I called without an introduction upon Professor Döllinger. As he knew everything, so I found that he knew me. He received me as freely as if he had been an idle man, at the modest abode in Von der Tann Strasse, which he never quitted; and I had the advantage of passing a week in his society, and of being introduced to a circle of his friends, Professors like himself, in the University of Munich, which might, I presume, be termed the most distinguished among the seats of learning in the whole Latin Church. I found some of these Professors warm Shakespearians, but disposed (however wrongly) to place Milton upon the level of Klopstock.

Dr. Döllinger was the successor of Möhler, the justly celebrated author of the "Symbolik," of whom Cardinal Wiseman said that it would be no extravagance to place him first among the Roman Catholic theologians of this age. Dr. Döllinger was fast rising towards a similar position. Yet I found with pleasure that he not only was acquainted with the history and theology of the Anglican Church, but that he took a friendly interest in her welfare, and in this country generally, which was afterwards developed into a warm and energetic sympathy. I remember his exhibiting this interest by a reference to the great subject of preaching. He said that, if the English Church was ever to do its work for the nation, it must change its methods in this vital particular, and instead of reading essays wholesale the clergy must aim straight at the hearts of the people. This he illustrated as follows, and showed how in the Latin Church, with the same end in view, less inappropriate means were used for reaching it. "In Munich," he said, "the priests of the parishes are usually natives of the district. But it happens that natives hereabouts are very deficient in the gift of elocution; and hence it has come to be the custom that in every parish of the town there is a lecturer, apart from the incumbent, to discharge the office of preaching."

He gave me his "*Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte*," published in 1843, which has in later years been much quoted against him; but I think not with perfect equity, for a *compendium* on a given subject differs from an original history, and is expected to give not so much the results of wide and deep study at the sources, as a fair account from accepted authorities. It was, however, the only readable Church History I had at that time come across, for Milner's is not a Church History, and Mosheim's is not readable. Milman and Greenwood did not then exist. But my recollection of it is, that it was a clear and luminous production, excellent on the great subjects of the Roman primacy and the Arian

controversy. Indeed, I think that while it appertained to him as an instructor to take for his point of departure the current teaching of his Church (which at that time was in South Germany remarkably moderate), his mind was one incapable of pure partisanship, and continually ripening in the firm and hardy love of truth. He opened himself to me with freedom, even upon high matters; but he was above all the tricks of proselytism, and never said to me a syllable of an unsettling cast, though there was much temptation to do it in the then distracted state of the Church of England, for it was the juncture at which we had to mourn the loss of Cardinal Newman, the most gifted among her sons.

I believe that, in the questions of standing controversy between Church and State, he took resolutely the side of his profession, though in speaking thus I am guided more by information than by direct observation. But, in the region of theology, he was certainly of the school of moderate divines, and was furnished with a large supply of what may be called intellectual, as distinguished from moral, reserve. I remember remarking to him on that profuse development of the purgatorial system which, to the South of the Alps, everywhere at that time forced itself on the eye. He replied to me, "For us in this region that development scarcely exists." Thirty years later he stated that he could not make quite so broad an assertion.

Many years had passed without my seeing Dr. Döllinger, when, in prosecuting his peaceful career, he was overtaken by the Council of the Vatican, and subsequently, on being challenged to subscribe to the new dogma of 1870, and refusing, by the penalty of excommunication. The sentence proceeded, doubtless under imperative orders, from the Archbishop of Munich, who had previously been in thorough accord with him on the controverted points, but deemed it his duty to act on a principle of unquestioning obedience. One day, in the summer of 1874, I was walking with him in the *Englische Garten*, when a turn in the path brought us within near sight of a tall and dignified ecclesiastic—a man of striking presence, who met us, rather attended than accompanied by one who appeared to be his chaplain. As we met, Dr. Döllinger had, as was not unusual with him in walking, his hat in his hands behind him. The dignified personage on his side lifted his hat high above his head, but fixed his eyes rigidly straight forward, and gave no other sign of recognising the excommunicated Professor. "Who," I said to him, "is that dignified ecclesiastic?" "That," he replied, "is the Archbishop of Munich, by whom I was excommunicated." But neither then, nor at any other time, did he in speech or writing, either towards the archbishop or towards the Pope, or towards the Latin Church in general, let fall a single word of harshness, or indeed of complaint. He on his side recognised a claim upon him for unquestioning obedience, but this high allegiance was due, as he conceived, without question or reserve, to scientific truth absolutely established, in the province of science so peculiarly his own, the province of history. But the worship which he paid at that shrine was no less serene than it was earnest. His tendency always was to repress and mitigate censure. I remember once submitting to him an observation on the perilous position in which an extreme predestinarianism appears to place the moral attributes of God and therewith the entire scheme of belief. Even here he seemed not so much to concur as with a kind of reluctance to admit. I have heard him urge pleas on behalf of the Roman Emperors and their agents for that jealousy and fear of Christianity which ripened into the most cruel and abominable forms of persecution. In every question of discord, including that between Rome and himself, he was a man to hope against hope, and yet not a man to mistake his hopes for likelihoods, or to interpret them one jot beyond such warrant as the evidence might supply. He seemed to have a particularly clear and strong conception of the office and place of *Wissenschaft* in religion,

agreeing therein very much with Bishop Butler, to whose large and noble frame of mind his own was essentially akin. But even Bishop Butler, tranquil as was his mental atmosphere, and living at a time when the state and leanings of Roman theology were more favourable to those outside its sway, has used much harder words towards the Latin Church than ever proceeded from this man so severely smitten by it. Yet surely he was under great temptations. Not so much I think against Ultramontane divines, properly so-called, who were "to the manner born," but rather as towards those with whom he had been in long agreement (as he believed, and thought he knew), but who by yielding escaped the storm, of which he had to endure, shall I say, the pitiless pelting. There was not one thing which, without moving him from his serenity of temper, extracted or extorted from him strong language. He had compassion for ignorance as well as admiration for knowledge. He acknowledged and much admired, as he told me, Cardinal Newman's consummate knowledge of the history of the Christian Church during the first six centuries of our era, and for this extraordinary man I think he always cherished a warm regard. The one thing he could not bear, as will readily be understood, was wilful departure from historic truth, or indifference to its binding authority; and on this ground I have known him, in a single case, to pronounce severe censures on a man eminent in the Roman Church.

I suppose that the old and far too sweeping reproach of the *odium theologicum* is meant to carry with it the implication that the avenues to truth, in the subject-matter of theology, are more hopelessly barred by prejudice than in other fields of knowledge or belief. It certainly was not so with him. In the true sense of a term more generally and horribly abused than any other term, Dr. Döllinger was in an eminent degree what every man ought to be according to the manner of his knowledge and opportunities, namely, a free thinker. I do believe that his mind was absolutely without a theological prejudice, properly so called. From his position and profession, no man could be so little exposed to the risk of undervaluing tradition, that is to say, historic testimony. By reason of his penetrating good sense, no man could be further removed from the idle notion that the human being as such should from his childhood upwards receive nothing but what he has examined from the root upwards. But he knew the great law of the division of labour, and he was a human being whose lifelong office it had been to improve and mould the minds of other human beings, and he thought it the duty of the teacher to test to the uttermost the truth of what he taught. It is probable that Luther when he protested against the indulgences dispensed by Tetzel did not at once perceive that he was protesting against the authority under which Tetzel acted. I do not know whether Dr. Döllinger, when he refused to subscribe to what he held to be a falsehood, did or did not at once realise the fact that for him there was brought into question the Council of Trent as well as the Council of the Vatican, and that all which he had therefore received and taught on the authority of the Latin as distinguished from the universal Church, required, when the crisis had come, to be re-examined before it could be re-accepted. But in the course of a walk out of Munich, in the travelling season of 1874, he told me that he was engaged in this work of re-trial through the whole circle of his Latin teaching and knowledge. The results were tested in his proceedings at Bonn, where he laboured, together with other distinguished men of different communions, to establish a *formula concordie* upon the questions which most gravely divide Christendom, and yet serve to offer a basis for a work of reconciliation. This work was interrupted by causes not connected with him or with any of the influences proceeding from this country, upon which he set a considerable value. Feeling, like many others, that this was a work of real importance in the interests of knowledge and of peace, I ventured, when I last saw him, upon making an appeal to him to complete the operation so far as he was concerned, by recording his

own judgment upon the questions which he had not been able to bring before his coadjutors. He received the suggestion with apparent favour, and promised to consider it thoroughly. I once made bold to put to him a more searching question, which was this: "At the time when you were the favourite theologian of the Roman Church, how in your own mind did you confront the formidable argument which the Orthodox Church makes against it upon grounds common to both?" His answer was, "I always felt that the Eastern Church was a Church with which I could communicate." He unquestionably regarded the work of concord in Christendom as that which was providentially appointed for "the evening of his life"; but I do not know how far the vast breadth and scope of the task may have led him to take refuge in the treatment of other subjects, arduous for most men, but easy to his unimpaired judgment and vast and ever ready stores of knowledge.

My remarks respecting the *odium theologicum*, and that limitation of mind which is inseparable from all such hatreds in whatever subject-matter, was intended as a preface to what I have here to say. He seemed to carry the same freedom from bias into the politics of his country. Bias, if he had had it, would have made him a partisan of the *Culturkampf*, but I do not think he liked it at all. On the other hand, though he was a thorough German, he had formed so high an estimate of the offices of England in the work of civilisation that he shrank almost nervously from great changes in this country, lest they should possibly endanger its means of action. He was, I need not say, a profound admirer of the political philosophy of Burke. He was unfavourable to Home Rule in Ireland, but he frankly perceived that there were two sides to the question. He was resolutely opposed to the disestablishment of the English Church; and here he did not seem to admit that there were two sides to the question. Generally I should say that his mind was perhaps somewhat less open and elastic with regard to politics than in his own peculiar domain. The last considerable work he placed before the world was the "Academical Addresses" (*Akademische Vorträge*), which I have not yet seen in English, though another translator had, I know, taken the place formerly filled to his entire satisfaction by the late Mr. Oxenham. It was published in 1888. It included the splendid Essay on Madame de Maintenon, which had since delivery been so enlarged that it might be considered as freshly re-written at eighty-eight years of age, and which was a noble utterance from the dying swan. Yet higher in moral standing was another of the Addresses. In the heat of the anti-Semitic movement he had boldly gone forth into the arena, and composed "Die Juden in Europa," to shame the promoters into silence and obscurity. Of all that was passing in the world nothing seemed to escape him. Among other English newspapers and periodicals he was a most regular reader of the *Guardian*. Into whatever flowery fields he wandered, he carried with him his jealousy for exact truth. I had always been anxious to know what impression the wonderful style of Macaulay made upon such foreigners as were thorough masters of English, and I asked him the question. He understood me, however, to refer to substance rather than to form, and he replied, "I should read him with greater pleasure if I were not always haunted by a suspicion that he was leading me off the straight path." He was as hospitable in the communication of his knowledge as he was persistent in the lifelong work of its acquisition. I once asked him how much time, taking one day and one year with another, he spent in study daily. His reply was, "about eight hours." He claimed it among the literary honours of Germany that she had done more for the study and illustration of Shakespeare and Dante, than England and Italy respectively. I admitted this as to Shakespeare, but dared to question it a little as to Dante, of which he was a profound student. Dante was the subject of one of the Addresses.

There is a point of interpretation which he loved to dwell

on, and which is so curious and important that I will here notice it, although there is no trace of it in the recent and great commentary of Scartazzini on the "Inferno." Commentators dispute who in Inf. iii. 59 is *colui che fece per viltade il gran rifiuto*. Döllinger held it to be unquestionable and clear that Celestine V. is the person intended, in spite of the difficulty that this involves—namely, to place in hell a man indisputably holy. The explanation is found in this way. No man can, by the Canon law, resign an office except to a superior. Celestine V. retired from the papacy without resigning to a superior. Therefore the Chair remained full when Boniface VIII. was elected. Therefore Boniface was not Pope. Therefore the succession had failed. And hence St. Peter, in the "Paradiso" (xxvii. 22-4), declares, with a threefold repetition intended to convey superlative emphasis, that his place is vacant in the sight of the Lord. For bringing about this calamity, Pope Celestine is submerged (for Dante was not a merciful man); and Scartazzini, by the time he reaches the "Paradiso" (in 1882), gives this interpretation, apparently adopting it from Döllinger, who told it me at Munich in 1879, and told it with outward signs of emotion, notably contrasted with the calm which marked all his references to his own recent and severe experience.

Only one word more as to his giant fellow-countryman, Goethe, as to whom he appeared to share in full the true German sentiment. The question was raised whether Goethe might not be charged with omitting the great idea of duty from that world of which he was in song and in prose the creator. Dr. Döllinger considered that that great idea was embodied in the "Iphigenis," and in "Hermann und Dorothea." As respects the former, it is plain that Goethe, the king of critics, even had he been less possessed than he was with the Hellenic spirit, never would have let slip out of a work, which reproduces the life of Greece in the heroic age, a fundamental Greek conception.

It is with trembling hands that I lay this trivial offering on a tomb which is one to be honoured by the human race. *Incedo per ignes suppositos cineri doloso*. This eminently peaceful and judicial man was dragged into conflict, and has become an occasion of offence. I might have supported by evidence some statements which I have left to stand alone. I have advisedly forborne to make any reference to his ecclesiastical position, which was almost without parallel, and have dealt simply with his mind and character, which ought to command an universal interest.

Döllinger is to be honoured with admiration, for attainments perhaps never surpassed either in their extent or as to the wonderful manner in which he held them digested and at command for use. He is to be honoured yet more fervently, with reverence and love, because in him the spirit of self was down-trodden and extinct, that he might live a larger life; and because, pursuing truth as he best could see it, in the spirit of courage and of peace, he united in his aims the things most precious to mankind, and set one more great example for the generations to come.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE LATEST APPLICATION OF THE LAND PURCHASE SCREW.

MR. BALFOUR'S New Year's gift to the Irish landlords is a measure of the lengths to which a policy can be pushed that is fairly entitled to the appellation of Danton's watchword, "audacity." For not even the brazen defence of the police who wantonly shot at and killed the three men in Mitchelstown, or the all-round denial of press prosecutions, in the very face of the instances recorded by his own removables, can equal in contemptuous disregard of the facts of public life in Ireland the three per cent. rise in judicial rents recently ordered by the Land Commission. To attempt to justify this extraordinary step, as the organs of land-

lordism are endeavouring to do, on the ground of "the increasing prosperity of Ireland," is a futile effort to cover the real purpose of this latest of bold moves on the part of Mr. Balfour's zealous officials. The "growing prosperity of Ireland" is an old familiar phrase of Dublin Castle politics. It has done service in many a Viceregal oration when prevailing poverty in the country was as objective as the ugly buildings upon Cork Hill; but it will fail completely in this instance to disguise the why and the wherefore of the ukase issued by Commissioners Litton, Wrench, and Fitzgerald.

There has been a marked "increase of prosperity" in England during the last two years, according to the returns usually relied upon for statistical information; but, concurrently, has there not been a continuous, voluntary abatement of agricultural rents given by English landlords? Lord Powerscourt, one of the few Irish landlords not popularly written down as "bad," wrote as follows on this point in the *Times* of the 16th of December last:—"Have not rents in England and Scotland been reduced quite as much, nay more, than Irish rents since 1881? And have not the economic causes which have lowered the prices of all farm produce all over Europe caused the same depreciation in the value of land in Germany or France, for instance, in the same ratio as in Ireland? And has not the importation of dead meat from America, Australia, or New Zealand something to do with it?"

No fact can more completely refute the "prosperity" theory put forward in defence of the new schedule by Mr. Balfour's supporters in the press, than the granting of a 20 per cent. reduction by the Marquis of Conyngham—and given unsolicited—to his Donegal tenants, judicial and non-judicial, within the present month; while Earl Fitzwilliam has likewise offered a 15 per cent. abatement to a large portion of his Co. Wicklow tenantry.

Apart, however, from the influence alleged to be exercised by the upward tendency of trade on Irish agriculture, the system of fixing judicial rents by the prevailing price of produce, irrespective of the matter of yield, is manifestly an unfair guide. That short produce causes high prices, and *vice versa*, is but affirming economically that two and two make four; and unless the average of a number of years, including varying production and prices, be taken as a fair standard of yield and value, there can be no just or reasonable system of rent-fixing established. Neither the actual position of the Irish tenant, nor the apparent relative "prosperity" of the country, nor the general prospects of the current year, warrant the new departure by the Land Commission; and so much has the new schedule staggered the public in Ireland, that Mr. Balfour's Unionist factotum, Mr. T. W. Russell, was as silent as the tomb about the increase of judicial rents when recently discoursing upon Kerry moonlighting to Tyrone tenant-farmers.

We must look for the true explanation of this rise in the exigencies of the Land Purchase policy of our landlord government, and not in the slight increase in the earnings of the Irish railways, representing but £78,000 over the receipts for 1883. Upon the showing to be made for this policy in the coming session, and its chances of increased and more rapid application in Ireland, will largely depend the future fortunes of the Unionist combination. For is not Land Purchase the Unionist panacea for the Home Rule agitation, and the patented Balfourian cure for all Irish agrarian ills? But the Government which has adopted Mr. Parnell's Land League purchase proposals of 1880, to buy out Irish landlords by loans of Imperial credit, are doing what was not contemplated in the origin of the scheme. It was not proposed to coerce the tenant, by threat of eviction for arrears and old rent, and, by an increase of judicial rent, to give such a price for his holding as would enable the landlord to obtain twice the market value for his property. It is here where the landlords now in power have "improved" upon the scheme formulated by Mr. Parnell in April, 1880, and to successfully apply this Land League programme *plus* the landlord's price is the beginning and the end of Mr. Balfour's policy. It is the only way

in which the landlords of Ireland can be saved from general bankruptcy, except by direct compensation from the Imperial Exchequer, such as some landlords have modestly demanded in return for the depreciation of rent through the working of the Land Act of 1881; and brave as Mr. Balfour's admirers claim him to be, he is not likely to exhibit enough of courage to ask the British taxpayer to devote the expected budget surplus to the relief of Lord Clanricarde and his brethren. The succour must be provided in some other way, and Parliament is asked to advance the money to the tenants—not to the landlords. The Irish tenant who, according to the landlord, has systematically stolen the rent; the peasant who, according to Unionist orators, is—at least in three-fourths of Ireland—the tool of priest and Parnellite and the irreconcilable enemy of England, is, according to landlord and loyalist both, sure to become a model of probity and loyalty from the moment he enables his landlord to obtain twenty years' purchase for his property under Lord Ashbourne's Act.

The devices resorted to for the accomplishment of this end are as many as various in their mode of application. The dilatoriness of the Land Commission in the fixing of fair rents is one instance; and the facilities for carrying out evictions, which formed part of the Tory legislation of 1887, and the enforcement of the Coercion Act against tenant combinations and public meetings, were but means to an end—the end being to leave the tenant threatened with eviction for old arrears practically no alternative but to accept the landlord's offer to sell.

But not one of the many modes of pressure hitherto operating has had anything like the coercive influence upon the action of the tenant which the latest landlord argument, the rise in the judicial rents, will be certain to exercise. This will be made plain in the next report of the Purchase Commissioners. Here is how the tenant must naturally view the new situation: If he be one of the tens of thousands yet awaiting relief from the Land Court, he stands very little chance of obtaining any substantial reduction from officials who are raising rents while landlords, not a few, in Ireland and England are voluntarily offering abatements. If he belongs to the class of judicial tenants, he is confronted with an immediate increase of 3 per cent. But consider, per contra, those tenants who consent to purchase their landlord's goods under the Ashbourne dispensation: a £30 non-judicial rent becomes a £22 annual payment to the Land Commission by substituting the interest payable on the purchase-money for the rent hitherto paid the landlord, though the latter may have got eighteen years' purchase of the gross rental of what he has disposed of; while a judicial rent of, say, £50, and subject to the present addition of 3 per cent., would be lowered to an annual charge of less than £40 if sold at the same number of years' purchase. What can tenants, humanly speaking, be expected to do under such circumstances but to rush for immediate relief where it can now only be obtained—at the hands of the Purchase Commissioners, Messrs. Lynch and McCarthy? Possible evictions on account of arrears have multiplied applications for purchase since the eviction-made-easy clause was made law by Mr. Balfour, and the rise in rents now enforced by the action of his Commissioners will precipitate nearly every tenant affected into the arms of the selling landlords.

In view of the more rigorous application of this successful policy which the new rent Schedule portends, it may not be amiss to look a little closer at some of the results of the Ashbourne Act. Let me say that in the observations which follow, I in no way impugn the manner in which Commissioners McCarthy and Lynch are administering that measure. I shall be but voicing the general opinion in Ireland (if I except the Incorporated Law Society and the landlords) in saying that no two officers could well discharge their duties to the public with a more scrupulous regard for the public purse than Messrs. McCarthy and Lynch; and higher testimony to their carefulness in this respect could not be given than in the recent censure passed upon their alleged slowness of procedure by the combination of hungry Dublin lawyers just referred to. The facts to

which I am about to refer relate to those whom the Act was intended to relieve, and not to its mode of administration.

According to the report of the Purchase Commissioners just issued, the applications for advances to tenants up to the 31st of December last were 20,614, involving a sum of £8,204,307 out of the £10,000,000 so far voted by Parliament for the purposes of the Act. The "sanctioned cases" up to the same date numbered 15,111, covering necessary purchase-money to the amount of £6,366,131; while the loans actually advanced in the 11,620 cases of fully-completed purchase, represent the sum of £4,889,682. This, therefore, is the amount which has passed into landlord hands out of the £10,000,000 voted by Parliament; and it is somewhat instructive to learn from the report presented to Parliament last June that no less than £2,000,000 of this, or 40 per cent. of all the money paid by the State for the creation of "occupying proprietors," found its way into the pockets of *twenty* persons among the most active admirers and supporters of Mr. Balfour's policy! It is matter of no surprise, therefore, remembering the actual number of landlords still unprovided for in Ireland, that at the late Landlord Convention in Dublin a resolution was unanimously passed urging Mr. Balfour's Government to bring in "a further and more extended measure to secure" (mark the real solicitude of the resolution) "a large increase in the number of occupying proprietors." A noble duke who had himself received but a paltry quarter of a million of the ten in question, remembering the generous resolution offered in behalf of the "occupying proprietors," remarked in a hopefully expectant tone, that "from year to year something may be done by legislation to mitigate the existing hardships of—Irish landowners!" One of the ablest of these new agitators, Mr. Wentworth Erck, states in a pamphlet on the "Present Position of Irish Landlords and Incumbrancers," that the total indebtedness of Irish landlord property is not less than £160,000,000, and that from one-half to three-quarters of the net annual rental goes in the payment of interest on the various incumbrances represented by this astounding sum—a debt larger than what hangs round the neck of some European Governments. Here, then, is an enterprise worthy of all Mr. Balfour's bravery.

Ideas in favour of the taxation of land values are growing daily in England. Parliament will soon be asked to sanction such an obvious method of common-sense fiscal reform in order to lessen the taxation upon working-men's wages; and it is from this same Parliament that Mr. Balfour must obtain the money for which his Irish landlord supporters are clamouring. The screw must be put on somewhere and speedily, and the new Schedule for the payment of judicial rents in 1890 is the best possible means at his disposal for obtaining the needful supply of—"occupying proprietors" for impecunious Irish landlordism.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

THE RED SPECTRE OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.

ALL students of Béranger are familiar with the grimly humorous ballad of the "Petit Homme Rouge," a diminutive goblin in sanguinolent garb who was supposed to haunt the Palace of the Tuileries, and to emerge from time to time from his cranny, somewhere in the cellars or among the rafters of the roof, to proffer sardonic warnings to the successive holders of supreme power in France. The "Little Red Man" especially concerned himself with the affairs of the First Napoleon; and on one occasion the imp is said to have quitted his Parisian lodgment, and to have travelled so far as the Kremlin at Moscow, where he favoured the Corsican with a variety of ominous predictions, concluding with a mysterious reference to an island named St. Helena. What has become of the "Little Red Man" now that there is no longer any palace of the Tuileries to haunt is problematical. Hospitality, perhaps, has been extended to him by the ghost of the last Khan of the Crimea—a phantom which, it is well known, pervades the Taurida Palace at St.

Petersburg—and the twain may pass moonlit nights squatting on the ground and telling sad stories of the mutabilities of empires.

Whether the "Petit Homme Rouge" ever confabulated with Napoleon III., and whispered in his ear such fateful words as "Sedan," "Chislehurst," "South Africa," is uncertain. At all events, good old Béranger, who held the equivocal Cæsar in question in unmitigated contempt, never condescended to hint in song that the familiar demon of the Tuileries had ever foregathered with the Man of Strasburg and Boulogne and the Second of December. It happens, however, and oddly enough, that the Empire which arose out of the gory fumes of the *Coup d'État* had its Red Spectre—not a little one, it is true, but an apparition full six feet high; and, more curiously still, mine own eyes gazed on the Red Spectre of the Second Empire for many hours, day after day, for the better part of a week, at Tours, in Touraine, in the month of May, 1870. In an earthly embodied sense the Red Spectre was M. Michel-Etienne-Anthelme-Théodore Grandperret, sometime Procureur-Général of the Imperial Court of Paris, for a very short time—under the ephemeral Palikao Administration—Minister of Justice, and a Commander of the Legion of Honour, who died a few days ago a Life Senator of the Third Republic. He had been for nearly twenty years almost completely forgotten; but, during his brief tenure of high office, he might be considered as having been an eminently typical representative of militant and successful Bonapartism—able, unscrupulous, subservient to the powerful, a bully to the weak, and inflated equally with the *morgue* of exalted judicial grade, and the insolence of the *parvenu*.

The biographers record that the father of M. Grandperret was a "humanist." In truth, he was an ex-professor of rhetoric in a college in the South of France, who founded at Lyons a private establishment for the instruction of youth in the *belles lettres*, on which the Government of Louis Philippe conferred the status of a public institution. Thus it may be permissible to infer, as Martin Chuzzlewit did when his neighbour at the New York table d'hôte was pointed out to him as "a professor of education," that M. Grandperret père was a kind of schoolmaster. His son, of course, had a first-rate education; studied for the bar at Paris; returned to Lyons, and was admitted to the local *barreau*; elected to follow the career of the *magistrature debout* instead of that of the *magistrature assise*—that is to say, to be an official advocate, pleading erect, and not a sedentary judge; sowed his austere wild oats by writing a few dramatic criticisms in the *Courrier de Lyon*; then devoted himself in earnest to the cultivation of his forensic fortunes; rose rapidly in his profession; became an intimate friend of Bishop Dupanloup, and in 1869 was summoned to Paris, created a Councillor of State, and appointed Procureur-Général. In this last capacity he preferred the indictment against a wholesale murderer named Tropmann, and he seems to have conducted the prosecution with much energy and astuteness. But from this point I need not trouble the biographers to give any account of M. le Procureur-Général Grandperret. Henceforth—as a Spectre—he belongs to me and to my very old friend and esteemed colleague in journalism, Mr. Antonio Gallenga. He and I went to Tours in May, 1870, in order to write an account of the trial before the High Court of Justice of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, who was charged with the murder of one Victor Noir, a writer in an extreme anti-Bonapartist print called *La Marseillaise*. Mr. Gallenga represented the *Times* at Tours, and I was the correspondent of another London daily newspaper.

The scenes of which during four or five days we were the witnesses were at once photographed on my mind, and, I trow, will not readily be effaced therefrom. Why this particular trial should have so deeply interested both my colleagues and myself I cannot very easily explain. The culprit to be tried was a very vulgar villain—a black sheep of the Bonapartes, who had more than once been in trouble for homicide or for homicidal attempts in Italy and in the United States. There was no doubt at all that, exasperated to frenzy by the taunts of the unfortunate Victor Noir and his friend M. de Fonvielle, who had come to

the Prince's residence at Auteuil with the intent of challenging him to fight a duel, Pierre Bonaparte had drawn a revolver and shot Victor Noir dead, there and then. Among the French journalists present in court, and the members of the *jeune barreau*, with whom we conversed, and who were nearly all advanced Liberals, it seemed to be a foregone conclusion that the princely prisoner would be acquitted. Others did not hesitate to express their opinion that the convocation of the High Court of Justice was a farce, and that the Imperial Government might have saved itself the expenditure of a great many score thousand francs by quietly allowing Pierre Bonaparte to make his escape abroad. Otherwise, to a foreigner the *Haute Cour* presented a sufficiently picturesque spectacle. On the dais at the extremity of the hall, at a semi-circular table backed by an immense curtain of green velvet, in the centre of which was a large crucifix, the judges were ranged—if not a "terrible show," at least a dignified one in their robes of scarlet and ermine.

The presiding judge was one M. Glandaz, a good-looking old gentleman, who, if he be yet in the land of the living, must be nearly ninety. He appeared to be very deaf in one ear; and it struck me that it was always his deaf ear that was turned towards Pierre Bonaparte when—as frequently happened—that burly malefactor burst out in torrents of coarse invective against the witnesses for the prosecution and "l'infâme Marseillaise," as he pronounced it with a strong Italian accent. He looked neither like a Prince nor a Bonaparte. Indeed, he much more closely resembled the ring-master in a circus—you know—the stout gentleman in semi-military attire, with the closely cropped head, and the well-waxed black moustaches—the gentleman not unfrequently inclined to heaviness about the jowl and corpulence about the gastric region, who cracks the long whip and is bantered by the clown, but over whose face there comes from time to time—especially when a trick is ill-performed—an expression of brutal ferocity of the swearing, cursing, whipcord-wielding kind. And, although this butcherly Bonaparte was in mufti at the trial, there was something "loud" and aggressive even in his attire—in the bright blue body-coat with gilt buttons buttoned over his big chest, the bright crimson silk handkerchief ostentatiously displayed from his breast-pocket, and his gloves of *beurre frais*, or staring yellow hue.

But the Red Spectre, M. le Procureur-Général Grandperret!—I summon up the image of this appalling member of the *magistrature debout*, stooping sometimes to confer behind one bony hand with President Glandaz, or with the *greffier* of the Court, and then starting up again, bolt upright, angular, rigid, with his right arm extended, like a judicial Jack in the Box. It was a positive relief when the Spectre sat down, and for a few minutes would be half invisible behind Pelions upon Ossas of papers; but very soon he would be on his legs again, that awful right arm working slowly up and down like a semaphore, the rest of his body quite motionless, while he chilled his auditory to the marrow of their bones with hollow utterances, admirably accurate and sometimes even eloquent in their diction, but which seemed to be issuing not from human lips, but from some funereal sepulchre. It was the *mesto gemito da quella tomba* in *Semiramide* over again. The audience listened, perforce, and, as an American might say, "felt bad."

Anon you thought that this High Court of Justice was a survival of the Tribunal of the Inquisition, and that this Red Spectre was the "fetch" of Torquemada. His essentially uncanny appearance was heightened by the circumstance that he had, in common with most French advocates, the trick of accentuating the conclusion of his sentences by pulling up with his right hand his left coat-sleeve, so as to disclose a large quantity of white cuff and shirt-sleeve. Maître Emmanuel Arago, who was retained for the Noir family, had the same trick, but his indulgence in it was not so noticeable, as his costume was only the plain black and white of an utter barrister. Very different was it with the Spectre in scarlet and minever. Whenever he began to drag up his coat-sleeve and bare his sinewy wrist,

you pictured to yourself the headsman preparing to handle his axe, or some grim pedagogue making ready to operate on a hapless dunce.

Such was the Grandperret who terrified us all at Tours. His features expressed only a kind of fatality of devastation. His flesh and blood seemed to have been dried up by consuming legal studies how he should most efficiently make the worse appear the better cause. The cranium bald and polished as ivory; the spare grey hairs fringing the cavernous temples; the deep furrows in the face, the thin lips, the square chin, the cold grey eye, all bespoke the pleader against erring mankind; the eternal prosecutor whose task it was to be continually invoking punishment, and never to ask for mercy from the judges and the jury. "Ce terrible Homme Rouge," I heard more than once Gallenga ejaculate. The Red Spectre frightened us all. It was for the rest a judicial drama in which most of the actors, if they were not famous, were certainly notorious. Among the witnesses were Henri Rochefort (brought up a prisoner from Ste. Pélagie between two gendarmes), Millièrre, Paschal Grousset, and the two De Fonvielle, Ulric and Wilfrid; while on the bench behind the judges sat by favour old De Villemessant of the *Figaro*. But the Red Spectre of the Second Empire dominated, fascinated, disquieted everybody; and he haunted me for many days and nights after the trial was over and I was back in England. Altogether, the incarnation of the Red Spectre at Tours marked appropriately enough the beginning of the last act of a great spectacle of treachery, tyranny, perjury, and fraud, which had been going on—as though it were a Chinese historical tragedy—for eighteen years.

But what says the wise Curé of Meudon? "*Toutes choses meuvent vers leur fin*." Rabelais was right, and ever must be. Four months after the Tours trial a turning came to the long lane; the pitcher which had gone so often to the well got broken at last, and the Second Empire fell "with hideous ruin and combustion down." To "bottomless perdition" as well? Who shall venture to prophesy? Still, it is at least certain that the Red Spectre, politically speaking, disappeared with the dynasty whom he had served so well.

G. A. S.

SOME NOTES ON THE NOVEL.

ARISTOTLE said that the end of Creative Art was to excite Pleasure, and accounted for Tragedy, which "purifies the emotions by Pity and Terror," by subtilising Pleasure into a worthy enjoyment of things worthy; further, to help this exaltation, he set the province of Art among persons and events superhuman, holding the portrayal of a god (in words, stone, or colour) to be, in intention at least, above that of a man, and far above that of a cabbage.

Aristotle is an ill man to fight with; and though David overthrew Goliath, it was not by slinging mud. Let us rather in fable apologise for Science, in Aristotle's day a light boy, who dwelt rather too near the Oracles for his good. He sat under his plane-tree, and the folk brought him riddles, which he answered with lazy ingenuity out of his head, not troubling to rise and walk the fields and observe Nature. And his audience went away, tasting the fine intellectual flavour of his hypotheses, and nothing eager to crassify them by readmixture with facts.

But when he grew up and went a-courting after Truth, it was another tale. Artists and all men kicked the gods into a far country, and the demi-gods into space; and sat down in a clear atmosphere among their cabbages to meditate on them and on themselves. As a result they became immensely excited, drawing, modelling, and describing each other, and their natural surroundings. Good poetry became a criticism of life; bad poetry (as under the elder Darwin) of cabbages; and to express the truth about man and Nature seems now conceded as the highest aim of the Arts.

Nowadays we all profess to be after Truth, even in Politics (where a standard of honesty prevails which, if imported into a prosperous banking-house, would ruin it in six weeks), and to

Truth the aim of Prose Fiction, as of all other creative arts, has shifted from Pleasure. Many critics cordially deplore it, but they deprecate an accomplished fact. The now frequent "religious" or philosophical novel is, odd as it sounds, an effort in the same direction as the "realism" of M. Zola, or of MM. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. England (for reasons to be discussed) lags behind, curiously far behind when we consider how much more modern is Defoe than Dumas. Our writers are only beginning to face questions which their brothers in France have already (to their own satisfaction) solved. But surely as life, which Chaucer and Shakespeare viewed as a pageant, is in Browning a problem, so is the "prose epic" of Fielding dead and done with, and so do we hang on the rise of that writer who shall find the new type.

To scold is useless. Then let us note the tendency, and examine it. The modern novel aspires to express truth—but within what limits? We may say, cautiously, that it aims at expressing truth about human life in its social relations, and does so by written narrative—a mode that differentiates it from Social Science on the one hand and Drama on the other, both of which deal with the same subject under quite other restrictions.

If it seem paradoxical to say that fiction aims at truth, much more so will it to assert that the potential and typical truth within its scope is more valuable than actual and particular truth; that the proven fact of A. B.'s murdering his wife's mother is a thin phantom compared with the certainty that, under this or that temptation, A. B. would murder her. Perhaps, however, the reader will need an instance or two before assenting. Here are four:—

1. "JONES—HIGGINBOTHAM. On Thursday, January 16th, at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, assisted by the Rev. Basil Higginbotham, uncle of the bride, Edwin Jones, of Primrose Court, Maidstone, Kent (was married) to Angelina, only surviving daughter of the late Admiral Sir Rufus Higginbotham."—(*Daily Paper*.)
2. "The two men looked at each other, silent as death; Baldassare, with dark fierceness and a tightening grip of the soiled, worn hands of the velvet-clad arm; Tito, with cheeks and lips all bloodless, fascinated by terror. It seemed a long while to them—it was but a moment."—(*"Romola,"* c. xxii.)
3. "The Right Hon. W. H. Smith has the influenza."—(*Daily Paper*.)
4. "Bathsheba could not clearly decide whether it was her opinion that Sergeant Troy had insulted her or not."—(*"Far from the Madding Crowd,"* c. xxiv.)

Of these four extracts, 1 and 3 (which would utterly lack verisimilitude had we not made free to alter the proper names) are truths of history; 2 and 4 are truths of fiction. Can a fair mind hesitate over their merits? That Henry I. died of eating lampreys, and that Mr. Smith has the influenza, are particular truths, valueless unless induction chance to select and make them part of a *document humain*. That Mr. Jones was married to Miss Higginbotham is a fact interesting no doubt to the bride and bridegroom and some others, and may some day settle a next-of-kin dispute. But how uninteresting, how limited, are these truths beside that of Bathsheba and Sergeant Troy! For Bathsheba's hesitancy is not only an *explained* fact, it is also an illustration of a natural law at once broad and subtle, and is true universally. This is what Aristotle means when he says, and says justly, that *fiction is more philosophical than history*.

And this view of the facts of Fiction helps us to our third paradox—that she, who seems the handmaid of wayward imagination, is really a slave to necessity. Though he coquet with free-will, to necessity the novelist must always come back; and his fancy, even in the wildest romance, can work with profit only on the same lines as do natural laws.

For instance, to make a good man wantonly steal a loaf would be bad art. The novelist's villain must either start in chapter i. as a full-blown scamp, habited *cap-à-pie* in vice; or if he set out as a good man but a weak, he must fall into temptation by the way, that he may artistically commit his crime in vol. ii. And the temptation must be heaped up in exact proportion to his original goodness. To make John Goodchild steal a loaf, we must make John Goodchild desperately hungry;

we must bake the loaf crisply, and distract the shopkeeper's attention. Otherwise John Goodchild violates a natural law by stealing it.

Or take a book which everybody has just been reading—Mr. R. L. Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae." Surely here is a book romantic enough; yet why is it for the most part so convincing? Because the crimes are committed by two men who fall into one and the other of the two classes indicated. The Master starts full-grown in villainy; his brother (a far finer creation) is presented to us at first as "neither very bad nor yet very able, but an honest, solid sort of lad like many of his neighbours." On this man is heaped persecution and tortures; and the triumph of the book is that his deterioration keeps accurate pace with them. It is to be marked how widely his first attempt on the Master's life—made in a hot fit of generous fury—differs from his second cold-blooded plot; and how nicely and sufficiently the intervening events account for this difference.

The fourth paradox is this—that the sequence of action and passion should be not only *necessary*, but *startling*. And here in practice lies the triumph of the good workman and the despair of the bad. To combine the inevitable and the surprising—how shall it be done? Well, this is a question which can only be answered by genius, or by that painstaking capacity which dwells next door to genius. But that it has been done over and over again nobody can doubt. Shakespeare does it unerringly; Shelley (for all his lack of humour) has done it in the last words of his Cenci; Thackeray, in the conduct of Beatrix and of her mother—to take one example only—does it again and again; Tolstoi in the relations of Anna Karénine and her husband after their apparent reconciliation; Zola in the final tragedy of "L'Œuvre"; Charles Reade in Gerard's reclamation from the hermit's life; Emily Brontë in the catastrophe of "Wuthering Heights." We might continue for pages.

Again we have cited a "romantic" work, as the phrase goes, in "The Cloister and the Hearth;" for truth of a sort is as possible to the wildest "romance" as to the sternest realism; is as unerring in the "Vicomte de Bragelonne" as in "Madame Bovary." No artist can paint the vivid edging of clouds on an April day; so he lowers the tone of the whole landscape on his canvas, and the result is truth. In the same way truth in Dumas is truth with the author's postulates granted. Assume that D'Artagnan is a possible character, and he is thenceforward through all the movements of the work a consistent character, profoundly natural. And this explains the triviality of such blemishes as the Anachronism. When in the "Trois Mousquetaires" the captain of Richelieu's guards begs D'Artagnan to follow him to the Palais Royal (c. xxv.), what does it matter that, as an historical fact, there was no such building at the date? D'Artagnan refuses to go there none the less. In the same way, how does it influence Brutus's reputation for truth-telling that (in Shakespeare) he tells Cæsar the clock has "struck eight," when Cæsar knew as well as he that there is no such thing as a clock in all Rome? To be honest, let us say that the conspicuous fidelity of "Esmond" to time and place is an attempt at giving pleasure rather than truth—a piece of timidity, a want of trust in the power of his art which none should have known so well as Thackeray, and is therefore, in a sense, a blot on that noble work.

But the new question is, as we hinted at the beginning—Has the novelist the artist's licence of lowering or heightening his tone at will? or must he make straight for truth as she shines in the world, and strive to reproduce her in her own colours? This clearly raises two further questions—Can he do it under the present limitations of his art? And if not, can he enlarge her limits?

For the moment we will merely state the questions; for, as the rustic said, "They was a bit muteous i' the bar parlour, so I jest dropp'd the information that I'd a-fought under Nelson at the Nile. An' they call'd me a liar, an' that made us all friendly an' comfortable."

SOCIETY AS A PERCOLATOR.

"JOHN," said his master to the new coachman, "why don't you touch your hat when you meet your mistress? I don't understand it. You're always perfectly respectful when you meet me." The honest John apologised. "But," he explained, "me and Will'um was readin' a etiquette book on that point, and it did say as 'ow the lady had to bow first."

Society is a percolator. Whatever fashion—whether of etiquette or not—is put into the top of the machine, may ultimately find its way to the base—to the "dregs," as we are so fond of saying. The fashion may percolate slowly or quickly. A Christian name percolates quickly; the upper classes hardly have time to transfer their affection to the commoner names before the chimney-sweep's apprentice's eldest—he married very young—is being baptised Gladys. On the other hand, nearly nine years ago a fashion among part of the upper classes was satirised for the first time in *Patience*. The highest stratum of society—your stratum—believe that fashion to be dead. It is only translated, and is just beginning to affect the furniture of the cheaper "Apartments" in London, but not the conscience of the landlady. This is a fashion which has percolated slowly.

There are machines for making coffee in which the water is put in the bottom. It rises in the form of steam through the coffee, and becomes liquid again at the top. So, too, there have been fashions which percolated upward from the lowest to the highest. The first prize-fight was imitated by man from the beast. For some little time it dwelt with the "dregs." It rose and fell again. It has risen once more, purified and sweetened by its ascent through a cultured humanity, no longer merely barbarous and disgusting, but an excellent commercial investment for those who know, and patronised largely by our gilded youth, who mostly do not know. But, as a rule, when fashions percolate they percolate downwards. Sometimes the fashion remains with a class, and only its effects descend. A taste for expensive furs has not spread to Whitechapel yet, but a child may starve there because at the other end of London some one spent too much on his overcoat. "You break your tooth," said Mr. Herbert Spencer, "with a small pebble among the currants because the industrial organisation in Zante is so imperfect." Yet over a tailor's bill or a broken tooth the English monosyllable is more likely to occur than any careful consideration of cause and effect.

In the same book Mr. Herbert Spencer pointed out several influences which irrationally influence our judgments and conduct. The educational bias, the bias of patriotism, the class bias, the political bias, and the theological bias, each have a chapter to themselves. But there is no chapter on the imitative bias. We have a contempt for this bias. We see a flock of sheep driven along a road; one of them suddenly bolts into a field, and the rest all follow. Poor, silly sheep! In matters of dress, furniture, and social manners, we own that we follow the leader, with no more rationality than was displayed by the erratic sheep; and even here we do not calculate the effects of our imitativeness; but we might be tempted to say that in more important matters no man absolutely puts his intellect on one side in order that he may imitate another man. Take the most important matter of all—the matter of life and death—and ask any coroner what is the effect of a peculiarly sensational suicide. It is true that the verdict on those who deliberately copy that suicide is a verdict of "temporary insanity." Even if this verdict were not often given in the same spirit that a servant is ordered to say "Not at home," with the laudable intention to spare human feelings, another reply could be found. Does the plea of insanity excuse the murderer who follows in wonderful detail the action of some former murderer? Yet sensational murders are as certain to be imitated as sensational suicides. Do electioneering authorities know nothing of the strong tendency which some minds have to vote with the majority? The well-known proverb that "Nothing succeeds like success" is only fresh evidence to our irrational imitativeness. The most successful religious movement of the

day appealed to the very same motive that makes children play at soldiers; and one converted priest makes more agnostics than are ever convinced by the logic of a hundred books.

This imitative bias, inherited from our ancestor the ape, might possibly be eradicated by careful cultivation. The attempts which individuals have made to free themselves from it have, however, so far been characterised more by offences against good taste and disregard of the feelings of others than by any important gain in a rational basis for action. The intellectual awakening of the superstitious bigot is frequently followed by his abandonment of the superstition, but only a transference of the bigotry. Until the imitative bias is eradicated, it may prove a most useful weapon; for it will reach many who could not be touched by any logical appeal, and who are yet, as a part of humanity, well worth reaching.

Never before have you—the upper stratum of society—shown a stronger desire to help the lowest strata. The desire is not always seen in its purest form. It is spoiled by the hope for gratitude, when it becomes a mere piece of patronage; it is spoiled quite as much by the hope for ingratitude, which is the desire for martyrdom, the lust after the picturesque. Yet it is often genuine; and in this century a fashionable novel of the upper classes has had its practical outcome in an amelioration of the state of the lowest. If you would help your humbler brethren, you may well remember the imitative bias. Your example is more than your precept; but it is also more than your subscription, your stall at a fancy bazaar, or your rose-water socialism.

At present, what idea do you suppose the lower orders have of you? Some time ago you were amused to hear of the housemaid's reply when she was asked what she meant by a "gentleman's family": "Where they 'as two sorts of wine, and master swears." The popular idea of your class has not improved much since that story was first told. Look at the average street-child when she would play at being "a grand lady." There are two points that may always be noticed in her. She assumes her utmost possible in finery, and she always pretends to be very contemptuous towards her little companions. Where did she get her ideas from? Most certainly not from you—not from the upper class. Your taste is quiet, and generally very good; of late years you have shown no contempt for the lowest, but every interest in their welfare; and—last and saddest—very few of you ever go near enough to enable the gutter children to imitate all that is so sweet and desirable in you. You live by yourselves in your own quarter of London; and if, for an hour's amusement, you once explored the slums, with more than sufficient precautions and protection, you think that in some way to be a miracle of philanthropy.

No, the little girl was not imitating you; for, probably, she has never seen you. She was imitating those who are just above her, but with whom she sometimes comes in contact, the middle and lower-middle classes. These have not your taste, but they ape your extravagance—hence the child's finery. In these you take no such interest as you profess to feel for the lowest of all. They have learned their lesson, and they are not less contemptuous to the lowest orders than you are to them. So the little girl gets to think great contempt to be a sign of high social position. She is not imitating you, but she is imitating the horrible distorted reflection of you which she sees in the class below you. In putting your example, therefore, to good use, you will make due allowances for the process of percolation. Your taste is perfect, and your ways are very gentle; but you see how the child gets to have the idea that you like "finery," and that you are contemptuous. One knows, of course, that you cannot apply your example directly, that you cannot leave the West End; and one does allow that the middle classes are not a good medium, and that your pure and limpid ways must become more or less coffee-coloured in the process of filtration. But, to return to the case which we have taken, the contempt was yours in the original instance. You could, and would, love the dear, quaint, ugly little street-urchin who plays at being a grand lady. But you contemned the middle class, and they passed it on to the class below them, and so the child of the lowest got her mistaken ideal. It is so easy to love childhood in its picturesque poverty, and, alas! so hard to regard the prosperous butcher in the light of a friend or a brother.

The essayist can only hint; it is for the student of sociology to do more, to show more definitely to what uses this imitativeness may be put; and if it be objected that this imitativeness is a very vulgar feeling, that should not prevent due use being made

of it. Black mud is in itself dirty, but it will clean a pocket-knife excellently. So, too, the national vulgarity may be the one power strong enough to civilise the nation.

THE "OLD MASTERS."

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE declaration with which Dr. Waagen surprised a committee of the Commons fifty years ago continues to receive confirmation from the winter exhibitions at Burlington House. "England," he asserted, "possesses more fine pictures than all the rest of the world put together," an answer which put to silence those who pooh-poohed the attempt to rival the Louvre in London. The present show is the twenty-first of the series. It includes nearly two hundred pictures, all, except one, of the English, Spanish or Netherlandish schools, and completes a total of more than five thousand hung since these exhibitions began. Considering that the largest of the foreign galleries only contains some two thousand five hundred pictures, and that its average of excellence is far below the standard which has governed the borrowings of Mr. Horsley and his colleagues; considering, too, that some of the richest houses in England—those of Lords Pembroke and Ellesmere, for instance—have jealously guarded their treasures, this total goes far by itself to justify the German doctor's statement. It certainly proves that a more liberal policy towards our public collections would soon raise England to the level of Germany or Italy in the wealth of its museums.

The present exhibition contains one French picture and one German. All the rest belong to the three schools already named. The first room and two walls of the large gallery are devoted as usual to deceased English masters; the second room and one wall of the large gallery to the Dutch and Flemings; the north wall of the large gallery to the Spaniards; and the fourth room to a collection of "ancestors" by Daniel Mytens and others who filled the gap between Holbein and Vandyck.

In the water-colour room the Academy does tardy justice to a great artist who refused to call himself a painter, or a sculptor, or an architect, to a great man who not only declared there was but one art, but did more than even those Italians on whom he formed himself to justify the declaration. The annals of Alfred Stevens are so short and simple that they may be summarised in a few lines. He was born of humble parents, at Blandford, in 1817. Showing a bent towards art, he was sent to Italy by the Hon. and Rev. Samuel Best. He remained there nine years, working indifferently at sculpture, painting, and architecture, and for a time earning a livelihood as Thorwaldsen's assistant. In 1843 he returned to England and became a master in the Somerset House School of Design. In 1849 he went to Sheffield, to be designer to a firm of ornamental iron-founders. Between 1852 and 1857 he competed for various public commissions, and in the latter year sent in the sketch for a memorial to Wellington, which, after much of the usual blundering on the part of officials, was chosen for realisation in St. Paul's. For the last seventeen years of his life he was engaged upon the monument, carrying out at the same time various private commissions on which he depended to eke out the utterly inadequate sum for which he had contracted with the Government. In 1875 he died. Stevens afforded the best example we can point to of the incompatibility between the artistic and the commercial temperaments. He conceived the finest sepulchral monument in our modern world, and, having conceived it, he persisted to its realisation without thought of the cost.

As a painter Stevens had few opportunities. We have seen two or three portraits by him, and one hangs in the present exhibition. They all show a Venetian command of colour, united to the truthfulness of modelling we should expect from one who was to be great as a sculptor. The quality of his painting may be judged from the three copies after Titian, numbered 70, 71, and 74. These are no laborious reproductions, but free and faithful notes, which might at most pass for sketches by the master himself. As they hang

they interrupt a long line of studies *à la sanguine*, mostly from the naked female model, to which alone the future fame of Stevens might with confidence be committed. These have been referred to the examples set by Michael Angelo and by Raphael. As a matter of fact they are completely individual—no trained eye could mistake their authorship wherever it encountered them. They have a grandeur in conception which reminds us of the Sistine Sibyls, and a muscularity of build which gives them a superficial kinship with the drawings of Sanzio. But their facility, their flexibility, their decorative aptness, and their essentially human grace, make up the note which gives them a place apart. Only in a few instances can they be followed into a practical application, and that mostly in the designs made at Sheffield. Perhaps the best of these is the drawing for a stove lent by Messrs. Benham & Son, and numbered 107. Finer art has never before or since been embodied in an object so humble. The unerring taste which led Stevens to put metal to exactly its right expression, made him equally great as a decorator of porcelain and faience. Look at the design for a plate numbered 18, and note how variety is given by the introduction of rectangular members into the decoration of the rim, and how their straight lines are fused again—their work done—into the curves and circles more natural to the surface. As pure art, this rim of a plate is worth all the Sèvres factory has turned out in its century and a half of existence.

Turning for a moment to Stevens as a sculptor; we may pass over the Wellington sketch with a protest against the truncated condition of the great work itself, and pause a space before the sketch for a memorial to the mother of world's fairs, the Exhibition of 1851. The grand conception, perfect in dignity and proportion, and the large execution of this model, deprived it of any chance of favour at the hands of the committee to which it was submitted. But now that a generation has passed, and that, by the slow process of filtration downwards, the recognition of Stevens' genius is being forced on those who could not comprehend him when alive, is it too much to ask that some attempt should be made to carry out this sketch?

The Spanish collection is of no great extent. It includes no more than sixteen pictures. Of these, eight are ascribed to Velazquez, two to Murillo, five to Zurbaran, and one to Juan Bautista del Mazo, commonly known as Mazo-Martinez. It must be acknowledged that, as a whole, the collection is disappointing. Among the eight examples of the great master, only four are above suspicion, and only two of those represent him in his happier moments. From Rokeby Park comes a so-called "Venus," which has long been famous. In all probability it is the portrait of some Spanish "light-o'-love," the Cupid being introduced for the same reason as Titian put him into his Duchesses of Urbino, when costumed in the same fashion. A second sure Velazquez is the Duke of Westminster's portrait of Don Balthazar Carlos on horseback, with Olivarez in the background taking a lance from an equerry. A replica with variations comes from Hertford House; its right to the name of Velazquez is doubtful. Still more suspicious is a standing portrait of the Royal child from the same collection; while a half-length of (?) Mariana of Austria, the second wife of Philip IV., is clearly by the master's son-in-law, Mazo-Martinez. It has the flat facility, the want of vitality and interest, which mark the pupil, and is again encountered in the signed portrait by the same hand exhibited by Lord Carlisle. The full-length of Adrian Pulido Pareja, Captain-General of the Spanish Fleet, is a vigorously simple creation, but there are features about it which make us pause before we accept it as the untouched handiwork of Velazquez. The Queen's full-length of Don Balthazar Carlos is scarcely freer from suspicion, but the comparatively humble and unattractive "Portrait of a Lady," in a distant corner, bears the sign-manual of the master. The two Murillos are fair examples from his later years, but the five Zurbarans have no interest or value except as documents.

THE LIBERAL PARTY IN SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH, January 13th, 1890.

FEW people are aware that in the winter of 1885—6, when the Irish Home Rule question burst upon the world, Scottish Liberalism was already passing through a revolution of its own. Yet, if we would understand the present in Scotland, this is the most important thing to recall. From 1880 onwards Scotland was Gladstonian. But it was also Radical, as England is not. And to reconcile the two things was not quite easy. On one pressing subject Mr. Gladstone had attempted adjustment, by offering Scotland, even before 1880, Home Rule in Church matters. "You shall have Disestablishment," Lord Hartington and he had both said, "when you have made up your mind that you want it, no matter what England may do with its separate Church question." But on all other subjects, and on this, Scottish Radicalism under the Gladstone Administration found itself practically fettered. The local and town associations discussed all the great questions and passed resolutions, but the central or Scottish Liberal Association ignored them; and the Liberal peers who sat as its chairmen used Mr. Gladstone's name freely to suppress discussion. The Northern faith was not so to be shaken. The popular belief in Scotland soon came to be that while the Caliph in distant Hawarden was still infallible, several of his viziers ought to be sewn into a sack without much delay. And in September, 1885, the revolution took shape. More than two hundred associations from all Scotland met in Glasgow, and formed themselves into a "Federation." Mr. Chamberlain, then accepted as Mr. Gladstone's Radical lieutenant, came down to meet them, and, amid great enthusiasm, gave two addresses—one in Glasgow, the western centre, on free church; and one in Inverness, the northern and crofter centre, on free land. The official Association held its rival meeting in October, but it was completely captured by the insurgents; and the Kirk question, which the executive had suggested might be postponed, was adopted as a plank more emphatically than even at Glasgow. Mr. Gladstone, when he came down in November, was advised to throw cold water on this proposal at least. But the symptoms of open revolt which followed within twenty-four hours were so alarming that the speech was explained away, and the leader very soon went back to that position of Home Rule in Disestablishment which he had apparently for the moment forgotten was in the line of his about-to-be-disclosed project. That project of a Home Rule Parliament for Ireland was now suddenly revealed, and Scottish Liberalism had to make up its mind on the new departure in what it will be confessed were very disadvantageous circumstances. It says much for the strong instincts of the Scottish Liberal-Radical that, after a very short hesitation, he discerned on which side of the untried line his new path lay, and strode out upon it. In spring, 1886, the old official Association and the youthful Federation were amalgamated, the chairman of the new union being made the vice-chairman of the old; and the first act of the united body was to affirm the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone.

The present organisation in Scotland is a result of this history. The independence of the local associations is now jealously guarded. They are no doubt federated together, and the Federation calls itself the Scottish Liberal Association, with Lord Elgin at its head. But the freedom of utterance whose restriction caused grumbling during Mr. Gladstone's last term of office, is provided for by the device of *conferences*. These must be held annually, and in practice are much more frequent. They may be national or only for a particular district, but if any ten associations demand one, it must be called. And into the central and annual meetings come tumbling from all parts of Scotland the mass of resolutions already locally approved—forty-one of them, at the last meeting under Lord Rosebery, had to be boiled down! But it would be a mistake to suppose that in this confused mass there are no main and strong currents. Disestablishment, indeed, is accepted as settled; for the bribes offered to Scottish dissenters by the Duke of Argyll in 1874, by Mr. Finlay in 1886,

and by anonymous writers a month ago, have fallen each time flatter than before. But the temperance cause has recently enlisted men in a more influential position than ever it drew here before, and results will before long appear. Then recent years have kindled in the Scottish Highlanders a real passion for the right of the people to the land—a passion which is perhaps only the more powerful because no definite and practicable plans are yet accepted for carrying it out. The same thing may be said in the Lowlands of those who reap the harvest below the soil. Our miners have become conscious of their electoral strength, and their hesitation about Mr. Graham's Eight Hours Bill springs from a real doubt whether that is the best way to gain their end, not from any bashfulness in pushing for their end when they have seen their way. Lastly, Englishmen must not forget the sentiment of Scottish Home Rule. The Association called by that name is indeed insignificant: the only member of it who is known, even in Scotland, is its chairman, Professor Blackie; and he is opposed to a Scottish Parliament, and wants our members to sit instead in occasional committee in Edinburgh. But apart from schemes which are not at all defined, the general Scottish feeling of independence is immensely strong. It was this, combined no doubt with personal regard for Mr. Gladstone, which really brought Scotland over to the new and unexpected, and therefore at first unwelcome, move of 1886. It was easy for us to understand the claim of Ireland, for Scotland could at once put itself in its place! But the question has now become one also as to the place of Scotland; and our members may rely upon it that there is trouble in store at the next election for those of them who, in the present Parliament, efface themselves and their country, and sit too patiently like a row of "milk-white doves upon the thatch" of Mr. Arthur Balfour's legislative cottage. If the Scottish representation is to remain at Westminster, it must be energetic and successful there. And, by a curious paradox, the more successful it is in Scottish questions in the interval between this and the election, the more certain is it to sweep Scotland on the purely Irish question when the trumpet calls us to the polls.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PARISH COUNCILS.

SIR,—In your issue of last Saturday you speak of "the creation of parish or village councils" as one of "the matters on which the Liberal party as a whole is now agreed." I venture to think, with deference, that there is not so much unanimity on this subject as you assume. The scheme of parish councils is open to very grave objection. It is surely obvious that the administrative organisation suited for a parish with a population of 30,000, is unsuited for a parish with a population of under 100. But without taking any such extreme case, it must be manifest that the great diversity in population and area of the parishes throughout England renders the parochial unit an unsatisfactory one for all local government purposes. The divisions are arbitrary; they are ill-arranged for population, and, except in the larger parishes, they do not possess the requisites of local government machinery.

Furthermore, the experiment has been tried and has been found wanting. You see the attempt in the administration of the poor laws. Before 1782, the poor law administration (as distinct from the provisions of the poor law) was by the parish, with disastrous results. The Gilbert incorporations of 1782 were the first attempt at the union of parishes, but they too failed, because, as Sir George Nicholls points out, the true basis of union had not been observed. The Poor Law Act of 1834 carried into effect the principle of the union of parishes, and this principle, extended as it has been by subsequent legislation, has been found to work well. It is the verdict of all writers on the subject that the union of small parishes has resulted in a more efficient, economic, and satisfactory administration of the poor laws.

The Highway Acts illustrate the same point. Before the year 1835, the highways were managed by the parish. The common highways (as distinct from turnpike roads) before that

period were always in a wretched state of repair; and contemporary observers such as Sir Henry Parnell compare the state of the common roads of England very unfavourably with the state of the common roads of Scotland and Ireland. The conclusion they arrived at—and to my mind a sound one—was that this superiority in highway management in Scotland and Ireland was due to the fact that that management was in the hands of larger bodies. In Scotland the governing authority was vested in trustees, including every person possessed of a certain amount of property, and the county was divided into districts; while in Ireland roads were made and repaired from funds raised by grand juries. In England, on the other hand, the private interests of the parish led it to be satisfied with imperfect roads, and the limited extent and limited funds of the parish would not admit of the employment of qualified officials. The union of parishes for highway purposes was first introduced by the Act of 1835, and the facility for such union has been encouraged by subsequent legislation; and now, while practically the same methods obtain for maintenance and repair as formerly, the highways of England compare favourably with those of any other country, both with respect to the state of repair and the economy with which that repair is effected.

If your space permitted, I could give other instances from the Statutes and the Blue Books to show that the parish has conspicuously failed as a unit for local government, while the union of parishes has succeeded. I shall give only one further illustration to show that even to-day where the parish is still recognised as a unit it is not a success. In Scotland the poor law is administered by the parochial board. One result is great inequality in rating. The agricultural parish with the village in it has to maintain the labourers (when in want) of the adjoining parish which has no village. Again, the necessarily small salary offered to the inspector of poor invites the services of no one really qualified for the post. Hence you find work inefficiently done, and great difficulty at times (as the Parliamentary Returns show) in restraining him because of his small salary from deriving emolument from dealings with paupers.—Your obedient servant,
The Temple, January, 1890. W. MACKENZIE.

THE EIGHT HOURS QUESTION.

SIR,—I have been extremely gratified by reading in this week's *SPEAKER* the able article on the Centre of Gravity of the Liberal party, which to me, as a moderate Liberal (not a Whig), seems to indicate some degree of necessity for more sober counsels in the party conclave. It has been, therefore, with a sense of disappointment that I turned to Mr. Sydney Webb's pronouncement on the Eight Hours Question. While I rejoice to see an indication that *THE SPEAKER* inclines to a principle of showing both sides of a question (or, at least, does not seek to confine itself to a one-sided view), yet I cannot help thinking that such an article as Mr. Webb's is uncalled for, even though the Editor takes upon himself no responsibility for the opinions expressed. In the first place, in my humble opinion, too much deference is paid to the agitation at present being carried on upon this subject. In the second instance, no attempt has been made to thoroughly educate the people on the Parliamentary aspect of the matter. Mr. Webb seems to assume that because a number of workmen agitate for an eight-hours day, Parliament ought at once to step in and make a law to compel such a state of things. So long as workmen possess the power, as they do at present, to regulate their own conditions of labour, I think it would be foolish for the Legislature to interfere. It is time enough for Parliament to interpose when the workmen suffer from a condition of things which they cannot of themselves alleviate. But hitherto, as Sir Lyon Playfair pointed out in your first issue, the conditions of labour in this country have been amended by the needs of the workers.

Moreover, it would, I think, be by no means wise on the part of the Liberal party to adopt the principle of the regulation by the State of the hours of labour until, at least, there is a nearer approach to a unanimous demand for the same by the working classes. Looking to the fact that a strong movement already exists among many bodies of workmen for the purpose of shortening the hours of labour, surely it is the duty of the Liberal party to lay before the workers the whole view of the subject. For the workman's purview is a narrow one, and is confined very much to the personal aspect of the question. If, when this is done, the movement continues to grow, then it will become incumbent on the party of progress to recognise the demand of those most nearly concerned, just as Mr. Gladstone has yielded to the constitutionally expressed claim of the Irish people for Home Rule.

J. G.
Liverpool, January 12th

AT MADRID!

For me, these dreary days, where'er I go,
 One picture ever shapes itself in air—
 A stately pile—a darkened chamber there—
 Pale mother o'er her darling bending low.
 A little child to break a lance with Death!
 Unequal conflict! But a mother's love
 Goes out in prayer unto the throne above—
 The angels listening with bated breath!
 "Mors equo pulsat pede"—One alone
 The gate may bar against his summons dread,
 For man to swell the army of the dead—
 One who has pity on a mother's moan!
 Those tiny fingers still may grasp the ball
 Of sovereignty, and yet the sceptre sway
 Above his ancient race in some far day—
 His people's Father, and their "All in all."
 God grant it so! and may he soon be borne
 Not to the vast Escorial's vaulted gloom,
 But in the arms of Love to light and bloom—
 The breath of Heaven—the golden light of Morn!

F. B. DOVETON.

THE BOULANGIST PARTY IN PARIS.

PARIS, January 14, 1890.

SEVERAL of the elections to replace the unseated Boulangist Deputies have now taken place; but Paris has still to speak. In annulling their election, the majority entered on a somewhat perilous game, and ran the risk of playing into their hands without intending it. Boulangism is a cause that can live only on agitation and tumult. Its tastes are best catered for, its interests best served, by giving it an opportunity of making a scene and attracting attention. In Paris an election of a deputy never passes unnoticed; and those which are to take place in a few days will have a special importance.

Indeed, the Municipal Council is to be entirely renewed in the spring. The Boulangists have signified their intention to bring forward a candidate then for each of the eighty quarters of Paris, and to conduct the electoral campaign with a flourish of trumpets; and their word may be taken for that. But between the legislative elections of last September and the municipal elections of next May there promised to be seven months of inaction which they knew not how to fill up. The re-election of the deputies who have been invalidated supplies them with the means of doing so; and if they score a success, it will be a great encouragement for their followers in view of the coming campaign. It was, therefore, a foolish thing to procure them the means of ascertaining their numbers and completing their organisation.

That Boulangism has been on the wane in the Departments seems certain. Is it the same with Paris? The Government seems to think so, but I am not convinced of it. It is a strange malady that has already more than once taken unawares those who have attempted to guard against it. The present elections will take place in districts inhabited almost entirely by the working classes. I notice that the Republican workmen who represent these quarters in the Municipal Council show signs of disquietude. I asked one of them how things were going in the *faubourgs*, and this is his reply: "The factory hands and the men in the large workshops are Boulangists. The men who are in a small way of business on their own account, the small shop-keepers, the artisans who work in their own rooms, are Republicans. The former are far the more numerous. Mention should be made, in addition, of the very young men at least among the populous classes. The shop-boys, the shop-attendants, so numerous in Paris, the young soldiers leaving the regular army—all these made a very active Boulangist canvass at the time of the last elections, and do not appear to have changed their views. As for the officers, they are furnished on the one side by the most violent leaders of the Revolutionary groups, and on the other by the League of Patriots. All that goes to form a strong organisation."

What will the Conservatives do in these populous quarters where they will find themselves placed between a Radical Re-

publican candidate and a Boulangist candidate? It is difficult to predict with certainty. They gave a considerable impulse a year ago to the election of General Boulanger. The Central Conservative Committee, of which I was president, held a conference for the purpose of dissuading them from doing so and of advising them to hold aloof. The same advice was given them by the leading men of the party, and—contrary to what has been said by Boulangist and Republican newspapers—the Royalists had received from the highest authority they acknowledge instructions to the same effect. True, we have regained the greater number of our adherents; but we have not regained all. Some of them there will certainly be who will vote again for the Boulangists and who will secure their success.

In order to understand the psychological phenomenon that sets Conservatives and Catholics marching in line with the worst of Revolutionaries, it must be remembered that "Boulangism" has become the formula for general discontent. Now, for some years the Conservatives have had no concessions made either to their feelings, their beliefs, or their most cherished interests. In Paris, at the time when all religious education was suppressed in the schools of the Commune, 76,000 children left those schools in order to go to others, where they could learn from congregational teachers and from Sisters of the teaching orders. The families of these 76,000 have to pay the cost of their education in these private establishments; at the same time they continue to bear the burden of the tax which provides for the gratuitous public instruction by which they can no longer profit. Is it astonishing that such measures have made enemies to the Government? They have still more incensed the poorer population by driving the Sisters of Charity out of the hospitals, in spite of the appeals of the patients and the protestations of the doctors. The Sisters are universally acknowledged to be admirable hospital nurses. The rich call them in when they are ill, whatever their religious opinions. The poor who have been cared for by them in the hospitals are indignant at being deprived of the sick-bed attendants whose devotion they so keenly appreciate. More than once I have been stopped in the quarter which I represent in the Municipal Council by workmen who desired to give expression to their complaints concerning the dismissal of the hospital Sisters. All these people, finding their interests trampled upon, and finding that we can obtain them no satisfaction, have recourse to the Revolutionaries, just as the sick man who obtains no relief for his malady from his regular physician has recourse eventually to a quack.

Such are the forces that Boulangism commands; such the passions it exploits; such its chances of success.

Then, again, the adversaries they encounter—candidates defeated at the last elections, municipal councillors, electoral committee-men—are played out. Nothing renews itself so rapidly as the universal suffrage list. One generation gives way every year to another generation animated by totally different sentiments.

These new-comers require new programmes and new faces. Since Gambetta's death no leader has seized the popular imagination or captivated the hearts of the youth of the country. These are unfavourable conditions indeed for rekindling the smouldering ashes of electoral interest in a democratic society, and in a city so impressionable, so mercurial, so impetuous as Paris. Would it not have been much better to have allowed seven or eight deputies without reputation and without prestige, who could only play an obscure part, to sit in quiet on the benches of the Chamber?

THE DISSENSIONS IN THE WORLD OF ART.

In the interval of waiting for the elections, and up to the sitting of the Chamber, public curiosity has been centred almost entirely on the dissensions which have arisen amongst the artists. The latter joined together some years ago to form a society, and this society it is that organises and manages the annual exhibitions. The jury of admission is elected by universal suffrage of architects, sculptors, and painters. But there are two kinds of painters—

—painters who paint, and painters who don't. The former complain that the latter have the election in their own hands, and do not take sufficient account of talent in choosing the jury. Little was wanting to bring these malcontents to the point of rebellion, and it was felt that a revolution was preparing in the republic of the fine arts. The Universal Exhibition brought with it the crisis.

Every artist who has received the medal belongs to the category of the exempt; he has the right, that is, to send two pictures to the annual exhibition as long as he lives, without being obliged to submit them to the critical eye-glasses of the jury. The jury of the Universal Exhibition declined the works of a very considerable number of these exempt medallists. Those who have not had their share of these recompenses say that they have only a secondary value, and in a general assembly of artists the majority decided not to permit this right of exemption. The minority, with M. Meissonier at its head, withdrew with protestations. All the latter have sent in their resignations to the society, and have formed a new society. If they persist in their schism, we shall have two rival exhibitions every year. The new society is much less numerous than the other, but it contains more painters of talent, known and appreciated by the public. It has nothing to fear from the split; and the majority appears embarrassed by its sterile victory. Some moderate men, such as MM. Guillaume and Bonnet of the Institute, have attempted to mediate and to bring peace back again into this world of discord.

It is proposed to effect a *modus vivendi* by introducing into the rules of the annual Salons a clause which will suppress all exemptions—"Each for himself and the jury for all" being the motto. I don't know what the artists will think of this solution; it is certainly the one that will best meet the wishes of the public.

FERDINAND DUVAL.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, Jan. 17, 1890.

NOW that our century has entered upon its last decade, and draws near the hour which will despatch it to join its too frequently and most unjustly despised predecessor, it is pleasing to note how well it has learnt to play the old man's part. One has only to compare the *Edinburgh Review* of, say, October, 1807, with its last number, to appreciate the change that has come over us. Cocksureness, once the badge of the tribe of critics, is banished to the schoolroom. The hearty hatreds of our early days would ill befit a death-bed. A keen critic has observed what a noisy place England used to be. Everybody cried out loud in the market-place, in the Senate-house, in the Law Courts, in the Reviews and Magazines. In the year 1845 the *Times* newspaper incurred the heavy and doubtless the just censure of the Oxford Union for its unprincipled tone as shown in its "violent attempts to foment agitation as well by inflammatory articles as by the artifices of correspondents." How different it now is! We all move about as it were in list slippers. Our watchword is "Hush!" Dickens tells us how at Hone's funeral, Cruikshank, being annoyed at some of the observations of the officiating minister, whispered in Dickens' ear as they both moved to kneel at prayer, "If this wasn't a funeral I would punch his head." It was a commendable restraint. We are now, all of us, exercising it.

A gloomy view is being generally taken of our literary future in the next century. Poetry, it is pretty generally agreed, will die with Lord Tennyson, Parliamentary oratory with Mr. Gladstone, and Style with Cardinal Newman. Who, it is said, can enter upon the nineties with any joy or confidence, whose memory can carry him back to the sixties? What days those were that gave us brand-new from the press "Philip" and "The Four Georges," "The Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner," "Evan Harring-

ton" and "Rhoda Fleming," "Maud," "The Idylls of the King," and "Dramatis Personæ," Mr. Arnold's New Poems, the "Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ," and "Verses on Various Occasions," four volumes of "Frederick the Great," and "The Origin of Species"! One wonders in the retrospect how human stupidity was proof against such an onslaught of wit, such a shower of golden fancies. Why did not Folly's fortress fall? We know it did not, for it is standing yet. Nor has any particular halo gathered round the sixties—which, indeed, were no better than the fifties or the forties.

From what source, so ask "the frosty pows," are you who call yourselves "jolly candidates" for 1900, going to get your supplies? Where are your markets? Who will crowd the theatre on your opening nights? What well-graced actors will then cross your stage? Your boys and girls will be well provided for, one can see that. Story-books and hand-books will jostle for supremacy; but your men and women, all a-hungered, how are you going to feed them and keep their tempers sweet? It is not a question of side-dishes, but of joints. Sermons and sonnets, and even "clergy-poets," may be counted upon, but they will only affront the appetites they can never satisfy. What will be wanted are Sam Wellers, Captain Costigans, and Jane Eyres—poetry that lives, controversy that bites, speeches that stir the imagination.

Thus for the aged century. To argue with it would be absurd; to silence it cruel, and perhaps impossible. Edacious Time will soon do that.

But suppose it should turn out to be the fact that we are about to enter upon a period of literary non-productiveness. What then? Centuries cannot be expected to go on repeating the symptoms of their predecessors. We have had no Burns. We cannot, therefore, expect to end with the beginnings of a Wordsworth and a Coleridge; there may likely be a lull. The lull may also be a relief. Of all odd crazes, the craze to be forever reading new books is one of the oddest.

Hazlitt may be found grappling with this subject, and, as usual, "punishing" it severely in his own inimitable style. "I hate," says he, in the second volume of "The Plain Speaker"—in the essay entitled "On Reading Old Books"—"to read new books;" and he continues, a page further on, "Contemporary writers may generally be divided into two classes—one's friends or one's foes. Of the first we are compelled to think too well, and of the last we are disposed to think too ill, to receive much genuine pleasure from the perusal, or to judge fairly of the merit of either. One candidate for literary fame who happens to be of our acquaintance writes finely and like a man of genius, but unfortunately has a foolish face, which spoils a delicate passage; another inspires us with the highest respect for his personal talents and character, but does not come up to our expectations in print. All these contradictions and petty details interrupt the calm current of our reflections."

Hazlitt was no doubt a good hater. We are now of milder mood. It ought not to be difficult for any of us, if we but struggle a little, to keep a man's nose out of his novel. But, for all that, it is certain that true literary sway is borne but by the dead. Living authors may stir and stimulate us, provoke our energies, and excite our sympathy, but the

"Sceptred Sovereigns
Who rule us from their urns"

are the mighty dead.

Authority has no place in matters concerning books and reading, else it would be well were some proportion fixed between the claims of living and dead authors.

There is no sillier affectation than that of old-worldism. To moon about Sir Thomas Browne and know nothing of William Cobbett is foolish. To turn your back upon your own time is simply to provoke living wags, with rudimentary but effective humour, to chalk opprobrious epithets upon your person. But, on the other hand, to depend upon your contemporaries for literary sustenance, to be reduced to scan the lists of "Forthcoming Works" with a hungry eye, to complain of a dearth of new poems, and new novels, and new sermons, is worse than affectation—it is stupidity.

There was a time when old books were hard to procure and difficult to house. With the exception of a few of the greatest, it required as much courage to explore the domains of our old authors as it did to visit West Water or Loch Maree before the era of roads and railways. The first step was to turn the folios into octavos, and to publish complete editions; the second was to cheapen the price of issue. The first cheap booksellers were, it is sometimes alleged, men of questionable character in their trade. Yet their names should be cherished. They made many young lives happy, and fostered better taste than either or both the Universities. Hogg, Cooke, Millar, Donaldson, Bell, even Tegg, the "extraneous Tegg" of Carlyle's famous Parliamentary petition, did good work in their day. Somehow or another the family libraries of the respectable booksellers hung fire. They did not find their way about. Perhaps their authors were selected with too much care.

"He wales a portion with judicious care."

The pious Cottar did well, but the world is larger than the family; besides which it is not always "Saturday Night." Cooke had no scruples. He published "Tom Jones" in fortnightly, and (I think) sixpenny parts, embellished with cuts, and after the same appetising fashion proceeded right through the "British Novelists." He did the same with the "British Poets." It was a noble enterprise. You never see on a stall one of Cooke's books but it is soiled by honest usage, its odour (beyond Russia), as Charles Lamb says, speaks of the thousand thumbs that have turned over its pages with delight. Cooke made an immense fortune, and deserved to do so. He believed both in genius and his country. He gave the people cheap books, and they bought them gladly. He died at an advanced age in 1810. Perhaps when he came to do so he was glad he had published a series of "Sacred Classics," as well as "Tom Jones."

We are now living in an age of handsome reprints. It is possible to publish a good-sized book on good paper and sell it at a profit for fourpence halfpenny. But of course to do this, as the profit is too small to bear division, you must get the Authors out of the way. Our admirable copyright laws and their own sedentary habits do this on the whole satisfactorily and in due course. Consequently dead authors are amazingly cheap. Not merely Shakespeare and Milton, Bunyan and Burns, but Scott and Macaulay, Thackeray and Dickens. Living authors are deadly dear. You may buy twenty books by dead men at the price of one work by a living man. The odds are fearful. For my part I hope a *modus vivendi* may be established between the publishers of the dead and those of the living—but when you examine the contents of the Camelot Classics, the Carisbrooke Library, the Chandos Classics, the Canterbury Poets, the Mermaid Series of the Old Dramatists, and remember, or try to remember, the publishing lists of Messrs. Routledge, Mr. Black, Mr. Warne, and Messrs. Cassell, it is easy for the reader to snap his fingers at Fate. It cannot touch him—he can dine for many a day. Even were our "lyrical cry" to be stifled for half a century, what with Mr. Bullen's "Elizabethan Lyrics," and "More Elizabethan Lyrics," and "Lyrics from the Dramatists," and his promised "Lyrics from the Romances," and the evergreen "Golden Treasury," "a man," as Mr. Markham

observes in "David Copperfield," "might get on very well here," even though that man were, as Markham asserted himself to be, "hungry all day long." A British poet does not cease to be a poet because he is dead, nor is he, for that matter, any the better a poet for being alive.

As for a scarcity of living poets proving national decadence, it would be hard to make out that case. Who sang Chatham's victories by sea and land? A. B.

A cheap edition of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" has just been published in two handy and well-printed volumes. This new edition contains sundry emendations and additions which will make it of interest even to those who possess the original edition of a work which has secured a place in the standard literature of our language. In a note at the end of the second volume, Mr. Bryce publishes a curious letter from Mr. Denis Kearney, commenting on some of the statements contained in the chapter entitled "Kearneyism in California." "My next fight," says Mr. Kearney, "will be to get Canada to pass an Anti-Chinese Exclusion Law. At present she is being made the dumping ground for Asiatic pests, who are afterwards smuggled into our country." Mr. Kearney then proceeds at considerable length and in very racy language to comment upon those statements by Mr. Bryce in which he is personally concerned.

A note in our gossip of last week may have given rise to some misapprehension as to the relative sales of the last volumes by Lord Tennyson and Mr. Browning. That more editions of Mr. Browning's book than of Lord Tennyson's have been issued from the press is true; but it by no means follows that more copies have been sold. A single edition of a work by Lord Tennyson is usually a very large one, and in the case of his latest work we believe that it was exceptionally large.

Mr. Gladstone's appreciative reference to Emily Brontë in our last issue calls to mind that, as originally published, her remarkable novel is now out of copyright. "Wuthering Heights" was first published by a Mr. Newby, in December, 1847. In 1850 Charlotte Brontë republished her sister's book, removing many of the peculiarities of Yorkshire dialect. We should like to see it again issued in the form in which it left its author's hands. But this is sure to come with the future and fuller recognition of the "passionate great genius of Emily Brontë."

The last ten years have seen an immense increase in Shelley enthusiasm, until a page or two of the poet's handwriting is worth a hundred pounds, and a first edition of "Adonais" would constitute a generous legacy. In two years' time the centenary of Shelley's birth will be celebrated, when the Shelley Society—which, like its patron saint, is usually in financial low water—will publish a "Lexicon Concordance" to the poet's works.

The most curious of all centenary celebrations is to take place this spring in Florence. It is proposed to commemorate the sixth centenary of the death of Dante's Beatrice. The fact that we know very little about the Beatrice of the "Paradiso" and the "Vita Nuova," and that it is extremely doubtful whether she really did exercise any inspiring influence on the great poet, is of small moment. She is to be taken as a type of modern womanhood in general, and Italian womanhood in particular, and there will be an exhibition and all kinds of excitement throughout the "hundred cities of Italy."

We understand that Professor Goldwin Smith is writing a critical biography of Jane Austen. Perhaps those who least sympathise with the professor's attitude on Woman's Suffrage will suggest that he has been attracted to the author of "Pride and Prejudice" by her boast that she was "the most unlearned and uninformed female that ever dared to be an authoress." In spite of the praise of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Macaulay, and Lord Tennyson, we imagine that the Austen novels are now but little read, and the gentleman mentioned in Austen Leigh's "Life" who had established it in his mind as a new test of ability, whether people *could* or *could not* appreciate Miss Austen's merits, would now have to declare the world a very foolish place.

A new and cheaper edition of Mr. Froude's "Cesar," uniform with the twelve three-and-sixpenny volumes of the same writer's "History of England," is promised immediately by Messrs. Longmans. This firm has also in the press a new book by Mr. Andrew Lang, entitled "Old Friends: Essays in Epistolary Parody," and another volume of the "Historic Towns" series, "Winchester," by Dean Kitchin. The March volume of the "Badminton Library" will be "Golf," by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour and others. There is a volume on "Yachting" in preparation by Lord Brassey and Lord Dunraven.

REVIEWS.

THE EASTERN QUESTION IN THE SEVENTH CENTURY.

A HISTORY OF THE LATER ROMAN EMPIRE FROM ARCADIVS TO IRENE (395—800 A.D.). By J. B. Bury, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin. Two vols. 8vo. London: Macmillan & Co.

MR. BURY'S recently published book on the history of the Later Roman Empire, besides being an important historical work, might fairly be called "A Handbook to the Eastern Question" as that question presented itself to the dimly struggling intellects of European statesmen from the fifth to the ninth century of our era. In these volumes we see the tide of barbarian peoples pouring across the Danube, first Teutonising, and then more successfully Slavonising the greater part of "the Balkan Peninsula." The author has hunted out industriously the obscure fragments of information which Byzantine chroniclers have vouchsafed concerning the origins of the tribes which settled in Croatia, Servia, Bosnia, and Bulgaria. The wars and migrations of these nations, which have fallen so dim and shadowy to us, but which in their remote consequences so powerfully affect the politics of our own day, are traced with loving accuracy. The great question, raised some fifty years ago by Fallmerayer, as to the purity of the so-called Hellenes, is carefully discussed, and a decision is given in favour of a large, but not overwhelming, infusion of Slavonic blood into the country districts of Hellas. Through all the changes of good and evil fortune recorded in these volumes, the superb position of Constantinople as the donjon-keep of an Empire is vividly brought before us. Again and again the wave of barbarian invasion washes up to its walls. Ostrogoths, Avars, Bulgarians sweep through Thrace to the Long Wall of Anastasius. Persian Kardarigans and Saracen Emirs move their armies up to Chalcedon and loom defiance across the Bosphorus. But always throughout these four centuries (and in fact for four centuries longer, till Europe perpetrated the suicidal folly of the Fourth Crusade), the city of Constantine successfully repels her antagonists, come they by land or come they by sea, and her palaces remain undefiled by the foot of a conqueror.

Mr. Bury is a zealous disciple of that school of history which may be said to have been founded by Mr. Freeman and Mr. Bryce. But he also gladly avows his great obligations to Finlay. If it be not too fanciful, one might trace in each word of his carefully chosen title the influence of one of these teachers. "Roman" marks the effect of Freeman's often-repeated maxim that all European history leads up to or down from Rome. "Empire" reminds us of Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire," that little treatise which brought into one focus the Code of Justinian and the "De Monarchia" of Dante. But "Later"—not Lower—bears the imprint of Finlay's teaching, and carries on his earnest protest against the view so long accepted by scholars, that the Empire after Theodosius was a mere heap of corruption in which eunuchs, priests, and emperors rotted out their effete and useless lives.

Mr. Bury truly says, "The later Roman Empire was the bulwark of Europe against the Oriental danger; Maurice and Heraclius, Constantine IV. and Leo the Isaurian, were the successors of Themistocles and Africanus. The idea of European Christendom, at once Teutonic and Roman, making common cause against the people of Asia, who, if their progress had been unresisted, would have made the world stand still, first appeared clearly when Aëtius and Theodoric fought together against [Attila] the champion of desolation in the Mauriac Plain. But from that time forward it was destined that the Romans should perform alone the work of defending Europe, and until the days of the Crusades the German nations did not combine with the

Empire against the common foe. Nor did the Teutons by themselves achieve any success of ecumenical importance against non-Aryan races. . . . I may be reminded that Charles Martel won a great name by victories in Southern Gaul over the Saracens; yet those successes sink into insignificance by the side of the achievement of his contemporary, the third Leo, who held the gate of Eastern Europe against all the forces which the Saracen power, then at its height, could muster. . . . The same remarks might be made as to the earlier siege of New Rome in the days of Constantine IV., when the armies and the armaments of Muaviah were driven back, and the nations of the West acknowledged the greatness of the Roman Emperor." (Vol. ii. 536—537.) Mr. Bury's book covers, as we have seen, the events of four centuries. The first century that he deals with, the fifth of our era, sees the Roman Empire trembling under the tremendous blows of the Teutonic invaders all round its frontier, blows some of which reach even to its heart. Gaul, Spain, Africa, even Italy itself are lost to the Empire. Constantinople itself is threatened, but, as we have before said, the great city by the Bosphorus holds her beacon lamp still aloft, and the Eastern provinces, though many of them are devastated and overrun, are not wrenched from the Roman Republic.

The sixth century is an age of reaction like that which in the sixteenth century followed the Reformation. Justinian—of whom Mr. Bury draws a conscientious and on the whole sympathising picture—is of course the great figure of this part of the history. Carthage, Rome, Ravenna, are all won back from the Teuton, and the devastating inroads of the greatest of the Persian kings are at any rate in some measure avenged. All this part of the history is well and thoroughly done, but there is still room for Mr. Bryce's long-promised history of Justinian. Justinian's exertions were too much for the strength of the only partially convalescent Empire, and decay, despair, and demoralisation seem to be settling down over the whole civilised world as the sixth century closes with the scoundrel Phocas sitting upon the throne of the world.

Then comes that wonderful seventh century, so full of dramatic vicissitudes, so infinitely important for all the after-days of Europe and Asia, the century which only four others have equalled, and which none has surpassed in its effects on the character and fortunes of the human race. A young hero, Heraclius, brings an army of deliverance from Carthage to Constantinople. He overthrows the tyrant Phocas: and then a spell seems to fall upon him. For twelve years, while he is apparently inactive, the Persians are dismembering the Roman Empire. Egypt is lost, Syria is overrun, the "holy wood" of the true Cross itself is borne off in triumph from Jerusalem. The fires of the Fire Worshippers blaze nightly on the hill of Chalcedon in full view of the citizens of Constantinople. Half ready to yield to apparently inevitable Destiny, Heraclius proposes to leave the East to the children of the East, and to transfer the capital of the Empire to his native Carthage. Patriarch, senators, citizens, forbid the base surrender, and then Heraclius girds up his own loins, and calls upon all classes of his subjects to gird up theirs for what was, as Mr. Bury points out, a religious war, a real Crusade against the Persians for the recovery of the Holy Cross. The spell of his strange lethargy broken, he rouses the slumbering fire of his character and displays his really extraordinary military talent. A six years' war is fought by sea and land, in the waters of the Bosphorus, in the heights of Taurus and Anti-taurus, by the upper streams of Euphrates, under the mounds of Nineveh. It ends in a complete and overwhelming triumph of the Imperial arms—such a triumph as neither Trajan nor Diocletian ever achieved—and in the virtual reduction of the proud monarchy of the Sassanids to a humble dependent on the favour of the Empire.

Now, at length, the long duel between Europe and Asia, that secular contest which had been going forward since the days of Herodotus, seems ended, and Europe is henceforward to give laws to the world. On the contrary, Asia is on the point of achieving her greatest and most appalling victories. When in the summer of 628 Heraclius entered the Golden Gate of Constantinople in triumph, with the recovered Cross borne high before him, six years had already elapsed since that Hegira of Mohammed which is now the beginning of history to near two hundred millions of the human race. In that same year Heraclius received a letter from the camel-driver Prophet exhorting him to believe in Allah, the merciful and compassionate, and in Mohammed as the apostle of Allah. In the next year Mohammed died, and the first battle was fought on the shores of the Dead Sea between the Romans and the Saracens. Only seven years later (in 636) Heraclius, vanquished and despairing, was hurrying back to Constantinople, bidding an eternal farewell, for himself

and his successors, to that province of Syria which he had so lately recovered, and (as was soon proved) to Egypt and Africa likewise. The tide of Asiatic conquest had begun to flow, that tide which was to overspread Spain and Southern France, to beat upon the shores of Italy, to be with difficulty repelled only two centuries ago from the walls of Vienna. Even now, if it were not for the almost accidental advantage which Europe derives from the deadly weapons that Science has loaded for her, it may be doubted whether the fierce fanaticism, Asian-born, of the Mahdist hordes would not be able to give a terrible account of the more languid religions of the European nations.

We could wish that Mr. Bury had brought the causes and the actors in this terrible reversal rather more vividly before us. He is aware that his readers might expect of him "an elaborate biography of Mohammed, and a collection of anecdotes to illustrate the characters of the Caliphs and their Emirs." But "though the temptation to write episodes is strong, he has diligently avoided Herodotean digressions." An historian must be left to mark out his course for himself, but we cannot agree that the history of Khalid and Amru would have been either an episode or a digression; and we should have been glad of the opinion of so acute an historical observer as Mr. Bury on the question, why did the Romano-Greek civilisation and religion go down so ignominiously before the impact of some wandering tribes of the desert, thirsting for Paradise and the Houris?

We must not even glance at the characters of the eighth century, the period of the noble resistance made by the great Isaurian Emperors to the Saracen Caliphs. We hope that Mr. Bury will continue his labours and at least join hands with Mr. Pears, who has told us the sad, discreditable history of the capture of Constantinople by the Crusaders.

In the centuries which he will soon be traversing, the throne of the Eastern Caesars was guarded by the stout arms of our forefathers or their kinsmen, the Varungians. A kind of Varungian guard of historians has been raised among our countrymen of later time, to vindicate the fame of those long-vanished dynasties; and not the bluntest battle-axe nor the weakest arm is that which belongs to the author of these volumes.

THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF THE COMMISSION.

DIARY OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION. Revised from the *Daily News*.
By John Macdonald, M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

THE best possible record of the Parnell Commission would probably be the publication of Mr. Lockwood's delightful caricatures. For while the political value of the Commission is, if we set aside the question of the forged letters, of very little importance, its dramatic value was of an extremely high order; and by devoting himself to art from the very outset, the eminent Queen's Counsel to whom we have alluded showed that he fully realised the true character of the proceedings.

The Parnell Commission was the finest melodrama of our day. It had its faults, of course. The spectacle of three learned gentlemen solemnly sitting in judgment on history, and being asked to try a patriotic nation as if it was a mean and selfish criminal, had naturally something excessively ludicrous about it, and the opening and concluding speeches were dull and dreary in the extreme. The Attorney-General's heavy platitudes and laboriously acquired ignorance formed a tedious and unnecessary prologue, and the fifth act was not in any way lightened by Sir Henry James's half-hearted eloquence. Yet, taken as a whole, the Commission was a very wonderful spectacle, as well as a very interesting play, and the *Daily News* Diary, from Mr. Macdonald's clever pen, gives us a most vivid and powerful picture of the strange scenes that went on in one of Her Majesty's Law Courts last year. It is admirably written, and as we cannot have Mr. Lockwood, we gladly welcome Mr. Macdonald.

Strange scenes they certainly were. The dimly lit corridors outside the court were filled with a motley crowd of Irishmen and Irishwomen. They sat patiently on long benches, or huddled into corners whispering. The peasant was there in his dress-coat of shaggy frieze, his knee-breeches and woollen stockings, "just as he appears at mass or on market-days—say at Galway or archiepiscopal Tuam—while he waits, mutely, through the irresponsive hours, straw-ropes in hand, beside his pig." The costume of the peasant-women was more varied. Some of them were, alas! in the feathered hat of fashion, others

in a more picturesque head-gear resembling the Highland *mutch*, Red Galway petticoats shone out beneath heavy shawls of dark grey or brown, and here and there one saw that long, wide, hooded cloak of deep blue that makes the wearer look like a member of some religious order. Now and then a priest elbowed his way through the crowd. Little groups of stalwart men, in dark green helmets and uniforms, were clustered together. These were the "Peeler *mor*," the big police of Celtic Ireland, in contradistinction to the little police, the "Peeler *beg*," who are Her Majesty's troops. They are a splendid-looking body, the finest *gendarmérie* in the world, as Mr. Macdonald reminds us, and unfortunately condemned by a stupid policy to do the mean and degrading work of landlords' bailiffs. Agents, district magistrates, raw Removables, Crown lawyers, and informers completed the list of *dramatis persone*.

Inside, politicians, poets, and peeresses, Nationalist members and fashionable idlers, celebrated actors and eclectic painters, journalists taking notes and artists making sketches, were jumbled up together. The unfortunate managers of the *Times* sat next to the men whom they had so bitterly assailed. The lawyers in wigs and gowns filled up three rows of benches, and on a high platform were ranged Mr. Justice Smith, looking genial and indifferent; Mr. Justice Day, apparently devoting to letter-writing the time that he could spare from slumber; and the President, with his polished utterance, and clear soft voice, making little gestures, from time to time, with a small black-mittened hand.

The first witnesses called by the *Times* had a sad story to tell. The horrors of moonlighting, and all the other crimes that are the creation of a brutal Coercion, were detailed by victims and informers. We were shown what comes of driving disaffection beneath the surface, and how the suppression of the right of public meeting produces that danger to civilisation, the Secret Society. Lady Mountmorres swooned in the box as she told of the murder of her husband; terrible tragedies were related by sobbing widows and by pallid orphans; one could not help feeling that the land in which such things happened was indeed sick unto death.

Yet it was well and right that these things were brought forward. The failure of the *Times* to connect any one of these crimes with the constitutional Land League agitation was complete. Their own informers turned against them, and had to be examined by Sir Henry James as hostile witnesses. Nor did the landlords help the *Times* at all. They admitted that they had done nothing to relieve distress. The accounts of the sufferings of the people, dragged from the reluctant lips of agents and inspectors, were absolutely harrowing. The gaping public of the court began to realise at last that, in Ireland, Sin is the child of Famine. The world began to learn something about a country where there is always hunger.

The intellectual interest of the case, however, began with Le Caron. Le Caron had nothing to say, but he said it magnificently. "A death's head with a tight skin of yellow parchment" is how Mr. Macdonald describes him, and the description is as apt as it is vivid. He stood in the box with his arms folded over his chest, and rapped out his answers short and sharp. He had a voice like the crack of an American revolver. His small closely set eyes were curiously bright and head-like. Mr. Sydney Hall made endless sketches of him, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree got valuable hints for his next villain by watching him. Mr. Davitt laughed good-humouredly at the bogus revelations of the man who had doctored him, and Mr. Parnell came into court in his light-brown overcoat to see the notorious Government spy. From a dramatic point of view, Le Caron was a great success. His position as protagonist, however, was shattered to pieces by Pigott. Those who were in court on February 21st will never forget the thrill of excitement that seemed to pass through everyone when Sir Charles Russell got up to cross-examine the benevolent-looking scoundrel, and handing him a sheet of paper, invited him to write down from dictation six little words. The expression on Sir Charles' face, as he glanced at the paper after Pigott had filled it up, was a study in itself. The grimness of triumph was there, as well as a flickering smile of contempt for the unfortunate Attorney-General, who could only meekly murmur, "Photograph it," when it was handed to him. It was three o'clock when Sir Charles rose. He played with the wretched man in the box, and wore his most charming smile. Before the clock struck the half-hour even the judges could not help laughing at the astounding *exposé*.

The case was practically over by four.

The next day Pigott acquired all the fascination of a monster. His bald polished head gleamed in the dusky court, and became blotched with red, or dank with sweat, as he plunged deeper and

deeper into the mire. His coarse fleshy hands twitched nervously with the string of his eyeglass. He chewed a quill pen in a despairing manner, and his small, cunning eyes glanced nervously about. Finally he accepted the situation. A coarse yellow grin distorted his face. He joined in the laugh against himself, and seemed to be quite alive to the humorous side of his villainy. There was desolation and misery on the *Times* bench. They seemed to be suffering every possible emotion, except that of shame. The next day Pigott confessed to Mr. Labouchere. On the 1st of March he was dead.

All this, ancient history as it is, is vividly and graphically described by Mr. Macdonald—almost made new for us again by his clever style—and we are given a wonderful series of portraits of the principal actors in this extraordinary play. As we turn over the pages, we seem to see each scene, and every incident of each scene. Once more Mr. Matt Harris, with his white hair and wan grey face, explains the famous "partridge speech"; the beaming and genial Dr. Tanner, with his shamrock in his button-hole, describes how he was boycotted by the Cork "classes"; Mr. Houston, flippant and jaunty, tells the story of the black bag, and writes himself down an ass for all time, if not something worse than an ass; Mr. O'Brien, haggard, careworn, and fragile, with his expression of intense earnestness, and his vibrating voice, points out to the discomfited Attorney-General, what everybody who knows anything of Ireland knows already, namely, that to a Celtic race violence of language serves as a kind of safety-valve for passions that would otherwise find vent in crime; and the kindly, humorous Lord Mayor of Dublin crushes poor Mr. Murphy with his "Nonsense, man: why, that's poetry." Here is Walsh, the boy informer, with a bad record and a glib tongue, admitting that the police had threatened to prosecute him if he would not give evidence for the *Times*; Captain Boycott, with his patriarchal beard, looking somewhat proud of having given a new word to the English language; the murderer Delaney, a stout red-haired man with a big white cravat round his neck, smiling over the photograph of "No. 1"; and Moroney laughing as he tells how a moonlighter gave him a "shtab with a bagnet" (bayonet). The Warden of Merton verifies his unlucky joke by solemn affidavit; Mr. Davitt's passionate eloquence rings once again through the court; we catch the echoes of Sir Charles Russell's splendid historic speech; and the leader of the great constitutional agitation of Ireland stands before us in the witness-box, and tells the story of his life. Certainly Mr. Macdonald has done his work well, and his book should be in the hands of everyone who wants a record of this wonderful trial—a trial in which, as the great advocate of our day pointed out, the accusers and the accused changed places. Two things the reader will certainly notice. The first is, that no real Irishman ever says "Yes" or "No" in answer to a question; the second, that in answer to Ireland's just demands England has never once said "Yes" till it was too late. The former is a linguistic peculiarity which need not be altered. The latter is a political and social error which must be altered at the next General Election.

THE SHAN STATES.

A THOUSAND MILES ON AN ELEPHANT IN THE SHAN STATES. By Holt S. Hallett. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1890.

MR. HALLETT'S book is the first adequate account of a little-known region, become of more importance since the annexation of Upper Burma. Though he has solved no great geographical problem, his remarkably accurate survey has filled up large blanks in our maps. Having myself travelled in the country, I can testify to the accuracy and vividness of his descriptions. The illustrations and route-maps are excellent, but it is a pity there is no general map on a large scale showing the journey as a whole.

Mr. Hallett's route took him through some fine scenery, and he is justly enthusiastic over the magnificent defile of the Meh Ping. This great limestone gorge far surpasses in grandeur the famous second defile of the Irawadi, and a parallel to it must be sought in the cañons of some of the North American rivers, though these lack its beauty of vegetation. Mr. Hallett attributes its formation to earthquake action, observing, as I also had done, the remarkable parallelism of the sides; but it may be doubted whether subsidence has played so large a part as he thinks. Granite appears everywhere to form the actual bed of the stream, the limestone beginning at the water's edge. As Mr. Hallett

remarks, the upper valley of the Meh Ping appears to have been an immense lake, and it looks as if, the rift once formed, the river had cut its way through the *débris* of the limestone, right down to the upper surface of the granite, which in any case must have formed the limit of subsidence.

Himself possessing an observant eye and an inquiring mind, Mr. Hallett had the good fortune to be accompanied by missionaries familiar with the language and people, and has thus been able to enrich his story with many interesting details about the religion, history, social and political condition, and ethnological relations of the numerous tribes inhabiting the Laos States. In these States there is still to be seen in full force the system of resettlement of depopulated territory by forced migrations—a system which, pursued from time immemorial, has produced the curious patchwork of races which distinguishes Indo-China. It is to be wished that some account had been given of the village and district government, of which no proper description exists even in the case of Upper Burma. The governments of all these regions appear to be still in process of consolidation into centralised despotisms. Originally there seem to have existed, side by side, a large number of small independent States, often consisting of only a village or two, under the chieftainship of a family, in which the succession ran according to no fixed rule. Hence constantly recurring disputes, and applications by one of the claimants to the head of some more powerful neighbouring State, eventually resulting in a prescriptive right—ultimately constituting kingship—to the ruler of that State to decide between the claimants, but always within the limits of the family. Such disputes were of constant occurrence in Burma, and till lately in Siam. But until recently the relation left the local rights practically intact, and it is this looseness of the central tie that seems to explain the immense number of kingdoms and dynasties which confuse the history of these regions, and the wars which have depopulated them. Of late years the kings of Burma were consolidating their authority by nominating where they could governors of their own. On the western frontier of Upper Burma I found in 1881 the royal governors waging a doubtful struggle with the hereditary village headmen, even on such points as the power of life and death. The same process of consolidation is going on in Siam, and oddly enough the machinery created under his treaty with England of 1874 has helped the Siamese king to tighten his hold over his hitherto almost independent vassals. Even in Siam proper the king is only now ridding himself of the domination of an hereditary bureaucracy. And therefore Mr. Hallett, while crediting it with good intentions, appears unduly severe on the Siamese Government. He seems to forget how hard it must be to carry out reforms in the teeth of such an oligarchy, which had the direct control of both revenue and administration. Nor is it many years since an English consul-general set an example of flagrant injustice in his decisions against the Laos princes, who in consequence still dread dealings with British subjects.

Mr. Hallett naturally discusses the railway project which was the object of his journey. He appears to prove not only the practicability of his scheme, but its superiority, from an engineer's point of view, to the other projects for approaching south-west China. Mr. Baber has shown the Bhamo route to be out of court. It is perhaps premature to discard the route due east from Mandalay till the recently ordered survey has been made, and fuller information obtained about the country between Theinnee and the Meh Kong, though there can be little doubt that this middle route will prove less practicable than Mr. Hallett's. The Indian Government will naturally favour a route lying almost entirely within its own frontier, but this consideration does not warrant its scouting the idea of an inexpensive line between Maulmain and Siam, which would undoubtedly develop a paying trade, independent of the through trade to China, if the King of Siam constructs, as he appears inclined to do, a railway system of his own. His position between us and the French is difficult. He was probably alarmed by the annexation of Burma, but if he be reassured as to our attitude, and inclines towards more intimate relations with us, it would be foolish to turn the cold shoulder. A railway connection for the sake of our own trade need involve no entanglement. It is needless to dilate on the danger to British trade of an absorption by France of these vast regions, on which she has so long set greedy eyes. Though she fails to make much of her colonies, she takes care to exclude other nations by prohibitive tariffs, and the British trader cannot afford, in these days of competition, to sacrifice with equanimity a market already large, and with undeveloped capabilities so immense.

The apparent indifference of the Government of India to such considerations—an indifference perhaps inevitable under the